Catching COLD

Quick! . . . Take these 2 "first



Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"GET YOUR system ready for a fight," warn physicians, "whenever you take cold." They advocate two basic steps to help Nature help you fight a cold:

1.—Cleanse the intestinal tract of wastes.

2.—Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.

And Sal Hepatica does both! Not only is Sal Hepatica a laxative, a bubbling mineral salt which cleanses the intestinal tract—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but Sal Hepatica brings about an alkalin (anti-acid) reaction—helps Nature combat acidity, too.

Ask your doctor—see if he doesn't stress the importance of taking both a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

Be modern—fight a cold the modern way

So whenever a cold comes your way, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet—go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. It pays to fight a cold the modern way. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.



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No. 1

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In the Editor's Confidence

HERE'S to you
I hope that 1937 will be the Happiest and Most Prosperous year in your experience

Hinish, the composing room messenger says that that goes for him, too So you re all set

So far as *Maclean's* is concerned our New Year Resolutions have to be made several months ihead By January 1 we have a pretty good idea as to which of them are likely to go sour and which of them won t That is why there is such an air of quiet assurance about us when we assert that during 1937 *Maclean's* will be even more interesting and attractive than it ever has been before You wouldn t think that possible, perhaps. Well, let's not start a new year by arguing

We could of course, give you a peek at some of the good things we have under way (For instance the serial that will start March 1 when our current serial Seabold stops fighting. It's by Samuel Hopkins Adams, the man who wrote "It Happened One Night" and "The Gorgeous Hussy" for the screen, and it's a madly funny tale about would be movie people.) But to do so would leave us with no surprises And one of our Resolutions was that we must have surprises for you.



¶ ONE OF our own surprises is going to come if a lot of the small people who have been dabbling in the more speculative mining stocks don't get it in the neck one of these days If they are wishing themselves a prosperous New Year they would do well to read Wilfrid Sanders article, "So You're in the Market?" listed on page ten of this issue.

¶ WE HAVE heard of one man in England who after twenty six years of doing nothing is looking forward to a good 1937 He is a vendor of Coronation Programs. *Maclean's* also means to get behind the Coronation in a big way As a starter, we present on page eleven the first of a series of articles on great coronation dramas of the past recorded by Charles Burdon Bailey and illustrated by Charles W Jefferys the celebrated and historically accurate Canadian artist It tells of the omens noticed during the coronation of Charles I who was crowned during an earthquake The second article, coming in our next issue tells of Caroline Queen of George IV, who was refused admittance to the coronation of her royal husband



¶ THERE ISN'T a mistake in the heading on page fifteen Drought in Ontario. Last year rivers which, in the spring ran amok dried up in summer Industrial centres along the Grand River for example, were confronted by an acute problem Farmers looked sorrowfully at empty wells and parched fields Hugh Templin graphically describes what has been happening, why it has been happening, and the measures proposed to remedy matters.

¶ WHEN, in our December 1 issue Arthur P Woollacott expressed the opinion that the woman schoolteacher constitutes a fundamental weakness in our educational system," we announced that a reply would be promptly forthcoming from a well known woman teacher We had a notion that a lot of woman teachers wouldn t wait for the reply A lot of woman teachers didn t Each night at closing time we put their letters in a fire proof vault They're so hot that they are liable to start the sprinkler system working As soon as we can find space we shall publish some of them Meanwhile, on page eighteen of this issue we present the reply arranged for when former Principal Woollacott's article spun us round in our revolving chair

On page fourteen—another London Letter from Beverley Baxter, who will be with us throughout the year

¶ OUR FICTION during 1937 will be extra special because a bevy of extra special authors has, or have, or whatever it is, hearkened to our blandishments

Currently you ought to be interested in Judy Meredith and the two men she became friendly with aboard a transatlantic liner None of them had met before Both men fell in love with her And—hold your breath—one of the two had made the trip for the express purpose of killing the other There's a situation! We won't delay you in getting at "A Girl and Two Strangers," by Kenneth Perkins, on page seven.

Then on page twelve there's "Wilderness Ripple," by Kenneth Gilbert, who in a log cabin on the slope of a mountain edging the Pacific Coast writes nature stories which have made him known all over the continent. This story is about a grizzly, biggest carnivore in the wilderness, which was licked by a frazzle by the tiniest of mammals—a shrew

¶ ON PAGE sixteen another of Valentine Williams detective stories wherein Horace Treadgold, the tailor detective, solves the mystery of "The Blue Ushabti" Having just looked it up in the dictionary we can tell you that a ushabti is a small statue found in Egyptian tombs. The ancients had an idea that there was plenty of work to be done in the next world So whenever a distinguished person died, alongside his or her mummy they placed a ushabti whose duty was to do any odd jobs that might come along

Thus once more we demonstrate that *Maclean's* is not only good entertainment, but a vital educational force.

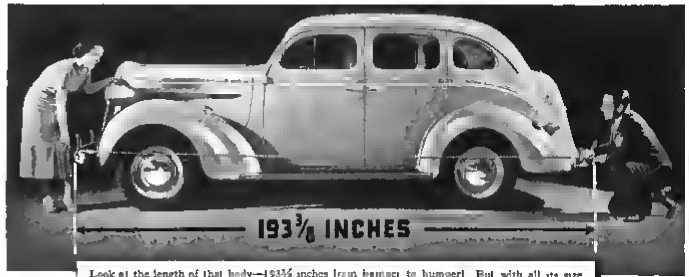
H. Napier Moore.

THE CAMERA SHOWS YOU THE NEW
1937 PLYMOUTH

NO changes in the 1937 Plymouth for the sake of change! But everywhere . . . advancements . . . refinements . . . that make for greater Beauty, Riding Comfort, Safety and Economy!

A study of the photographs to the right and below will show you a few of the many improvements that make Plymouth for 1937 the "Biggest Value in Plymouth History!"

Go to your nearest Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's. Take this advertisement with you Check off each photograph with the car itself *Drive* a new Plymouth. Then get your local delivered price See if any other car in the lowest price field can possibly offer you so much VALUE for your money.



Look at the length of that body—193⅜ inches from bumper to bumper! But with all its size Plymouth still costs less to run—1936 owners report 21 to 27 miles to a gallon of gasoline. Savings in oil up to 20%



New Aeroplane type double-action Hydraulic Shock Absorbers swallow bumps!



New outrigger-type rubber cushioned body mountings absorb road noise and jar rumble No metal-to-metal contact between body and frame.



Safety styling inside and out. All knobs, handles etc. set flush with panel face Door handles curved in wards to eliminate projecting points



Low level rear compartment floors due to the use of new Hypoid rear axles.



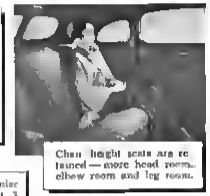
Safety all-steel body with seamless steel roof Note new drip moulding to prevent rain dripping on passengers entering or leaving car



New wing type window ventilators on front doors of De Luxe and Custom Plymouth models Note absence of upright bar



Five different kinds of body insulation absorb noise—keep out heat and cold.



Chair height seats are re-lanced—more head room, elbow room and leg room.



Tune in on Major Bowes Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday 9 00 to 10 00 p.m. Eastern Standard Time.

Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Corporation Time Payment Plan as a more economical way to arrange time payments to fit your income.

Bodies are roomier — front seat 3 inches — rear seat 2½ inches wider

$766 AND UP

Delivered in Windsor, Ont. Government taxes, freight and license extra.

Get Your Local Delivered Price

PLYMOUTH BUILT BY CHRYSLER

Go See PLYMOUTH! Drive One and be Convinced

Maclean's Editorials



Now that Christmas is over we can peek behind

A Word for the East

THE excitement of Christmas being over for another year, Santa Claus must now contemplate the bills which pour in around December 31.

If you are Santa Claus to a family, you know how it is.

Being Santa Claus to the whole Dominion of Canada is even more expensive. You ought to know how that is, too. Because while the Dominion Government is the nation's legendary Santa Claus, the real saint is the Canadian taxpayer. The Government merely hands out the parcels. The taxpayer supplies the contents.

The beneficiaries are apt to forget that.

The Western provinces, for instance, ought to think more kindly of the Real Santa, who has done very well by them.

A great many people in Western Canada are convinced that Ontario and Quebec are largely inhabited by major and minor bad barons who, by means of rapacious tariffs, freight rates and whatnot, have achieved bloated prosperity at their expense.

There are, admittedly, several bad barons among the industries of the East, but the majority of our industries are decent, honest and fair in their relationship to the consumer and to their workers.

They contribute, as do the people of Ontario and Quebec, more taxes to the general fund than do the peoples of the Western provinces. But the West gets a bigger slice of that fund (in some cases proportionately, in other cases in actual totals) than do the peoples of the Eastern provinces.

Shall we examine the figures?

From March, 1930, to March, 1936, the Dominion, in unemployment relief disbursements and Federal works (under Relief Acts only, not including expenditures under the public works constructions acts or supplementary acts, nor loans to provinces) paid to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta $54,941,245.

It paid out to other provinces, of course, some $141,913,195. But in relation to population the three prairie provinces got approximately $23 per person. Ontario and Quebec got about $17 per person, and the Maritimes about $12.

In the fiscal years 1932 to 1936, under the Relief Acts, the Dominion loaned Manitoba $15,504,856, Saskatchewan $48,368,629, Alberta $25,081,000, British Columbia $27,572,680. According to the Canada Year Book, no loans were made to the other provinces under these Acts. So $116,527,165 went West.

Between 1931 and 1935, under the Canada Grain Act, the Dominion Government expended $10,126,869, and between 1932 and 1934 it put $12,719,901 into wheat bonuses.

From 1929 to 1935, the Federal Treasury contributed $18,653,023 to the Hudson's Bay Railway for capital expenditures. Total expenditures on that politically promoted line up to 1935 were $50,923,704.

That, too, was for the West.

Freight concessions and subsidies—for wheat, for Alberta coal, for the Maritimes—have added to the railway deficits. How much it is difficult to figure.

But on the previous items, in seven years the Dominion Santa has coughed up some $354,881,398 of which the West got a very considerable share, much more, proportionately, than the East got.

(We won't bother you with provincial subsidies which from Confederation to date have cost the Dominion $491,915,030—$88,599,232 to the Maritimes, $219,046,855 to Quebec and Ontario and $184,228,943 to the three prairie provinces and British Columbia.)

The point is that as the people of Eastern Canada have contributed the greater part of these astronomical amounts by way of taxes, they don't quite deserve all the harsh things the West says about them.

Realizing that the West has gone through tough times, most Easterners are sympathetic. Few have complained about the aid given.

We think the West ought to make a New Year resolution to give the East a nice friendly smile.

Progress of An Idea

LAST ISSUE we praised Premier Hepburn of Ontario for his suggestion that in order to eliminate governmental overlapping, provincial departments of Agriculture, Labor and Health ought to merge with similar departments of the Dominion Government.

This issue it is Honorable J. Earl Lawson, M.P., former cabinet minister in the Bennett administration and Conservative organizer for the last election, who makes us perk up.

Mr. Lawson goes much further than any provincial premier could be expected to go. He suggests that with five bodies levying taxes (Federal Government, Provincial Governments, County Councils, Municipal Councils and School Boards) the time is not far distant when provincial legislatures may be abolished and their duties distributed between county councils and the Federal Legislature.

He points out what *Maclean's* has pointed out steadily over many years of pointing—every seventh Canadian on the street is being maintained by the other six in the employment of some governing body. That is the greatest percentage of government in the world.

When, a decade ago, we ventured the opinion that a future generation, weary of taxes, might do away with divided government and establish a Canadian nation instead of a league of states, we were hailed as a mere mingly funny comedian.

Now a thoughtful Member of Parliament says so and gets a perfectly sober two column headline in the newspapers.

Progress is being made.

AT LAST YOU CAN HAVE —

A modern kitchen
New floors
Walls repaired, repapered repainted
Larger rooms — by removing partitions
Air-conditioning system
Built in bathtub
Another bathroom
Modern toilet
Better lighting
Wall cabinets
Modern plumbing
More electrical outlets in walls
Modern and safer wiring
Concealed radiators
New brick or stone chimney
An automatic stoker or oil burner
New furnace
Insulation on water or air pipes
Heating system extended to garage
New flashings around chimneys
Insulated walls



THAT RENOVATION WORK that modernization job on "the old homestead" that has been shouting for attention so long—well, you can do it now.

The Dominion Government has paved the way through the banks. If you are a homeowner with a regular, assured income, the money is available almost for the asking. Now it's up to you.

Your first step, of course—before applying to the bank for the necessary funds—will be to consult whoever is to handle the work. That is the time to make sure the materials specified are the best for the purpose. Your safest guides are the advertising pages in the magazines you read.

Here you will find the manufacturers who have established themselves on a Nationwide basis. National-Advertising means that products thus advertised have achieved national acceptance — an acceptance based upon quality and dependability.

If you would be certain of results, of getting one hundred cents value for every dollar you spend, insist upon Nationally known and Nationally Advertised products.

Many products now in general use started as luxuries at high prices. National advertising has so increased their consumption and production that they are now available to everyone at moderate prices.

Refuse substitution products which are offered to you for acceptance with the specious recommendation of "they are just as good."

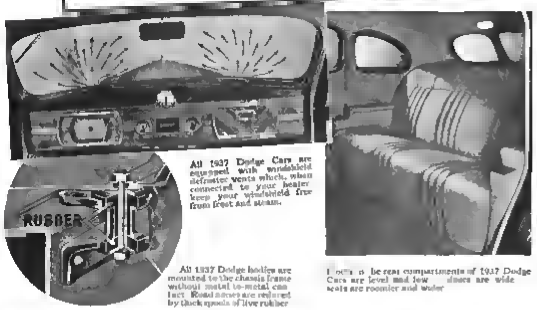
[This is No. 25 of a series of articles on why you should always ask for and insist on getting nationally advertised products.]

SWITCH TO A DODGE SIX FOR 1937 AND SAVE MONEY!



Dodge Custom Six, Four-Door Touring Sedan.

One of the 3 New 1937 DODGE Cars will meet your requirements ...give you luxurious transportation and SAVE YOU MONEY!



All 1937 Dodge Cars are equipped with windshield defroster vents which, when connected to your heater, keep your windshield free from frost and steam.

All 1937 Dodge bodies are mounted to the chassis frame without metal-to-metal contact. Rigid silent-blocks are replaced by thick spools of live rubber.

Dodge's 6 large compartments of 1937 Dodge Cars are level and low . . . doors are wide . . . seats are roomier and wider.

. . . Switch to a DODGE and enjoy driving a beautiful, safer, easier-riding car . . . with lots of room!

RECORD-SMASHING economy is by no means all that the new 1937 Dodge Cars have to offer you!

See their new "windstream" styling . . . bigger roomier interiors . . . larger luggage space . . . wider chair-height seats . . . low level floor . . . and you will realize how beautiful and roomy Dodge Cars are!

Learn what real comfort in a motor car can be like . . . Dodge has further improved the weight distribution and made the famous Dodge Air-ride Ride even more soothing and restful.

Greater safety is a feature of the new Dodge Cars. The famous Dodge safety all-steel body has been further strengthened and has a new one-piece solid steel top. Instrument panels have all controls flush with the surface—nothing protrudes.

The smooth-acting hydraulic brakes of Dodge *genuine* hydraulic brakes has been further improved and they are again a priceless safety factor.

See and drive one of these big new 1937 Dodge Cars. Discover for yourself the amazing economy, comfort and roominess . . . learn about the new safety features . . . and above all get the complete story of its record-smashing economy! Do this and you too will want to Switch to a Dodge and Save Money!

NEW DODGE SIX $776 AND UP

Delivered in Windsor, Ont. Government taxes, freight and license extra

DODGE SIX • DODGE DE LUXE SIX • DODGE CUSTOM SIX



Judy sprang up from the boat, reaching for him. 'Dick! You've got to get in. I won't go unless you get in!'

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

A Girl and Two Strangers

They met for the first time at sea; and it took a shipwreck to reveal their strange and dramatic relationship to one another

By KENNETH PERKINS

THAT APPARENTLY infinitesimal circumstance—the break in the cadence of the liner's movement—had a peculiar effect on Judy Meredith and her two companions. Beginning with that moment, these three revealed themselves to one another as if it were a costume ball and the time had come to unmask.

Something had happened which was like a missed beat in the sad sweet thrum of the palm garden orchestra, the pulsing of the turbines and the vast perpetual song of the bow wave. Those who were dancing felt as if the deck had slipped from beneath their feet, leaving them poised for an instant with not anything to stand on. The slip might have shouldered up against a large wave and they felt the toppling moment. But there were no large waves. The sea was like blue glass under the moonlight.

Three people sitting at one of the tables turned to one another incredulous and bewildered as if a sharp light had been turned suddenly on their faces. Judy's face seemed very white because of her coral rouge. Her skin was a fragile, magic sort of substance that would seem cool and yet radiant with life. Light from any source would pick her out, shining all over her hair which she wore in short curls, and it would flicker on her smile which was like a boyish grin.

Her two companions were young men. She had picked them up, as one says, on the second day out. She could have picked up anyone she fancied. There were others on board who knew her. Some might have come on this cruise just to be near her. But they were disappointed. They could buy drinks for her father all the day long, but that did not surmount the impregnable wall she had built about herself. She kept all admirers off by the simple ruse of spending her time with two young strangers—and she was a good dancer, the other an athlete.

Although she was with them fourteen hours a day, she did not tell these two much about herself. She did not invite confidences nor give them. All they really knew about her after seven days was that she was the daughter of a retired doctor, that she loved horses, hated hedges, that her father owned a stud farm, and that he took her to various race tracks where she indulged an inherited weakness for four horse parlays. In other words she was a gambler like her forebears, and she was gambling when she picked up these two dark horses for her steady escorts.

Inseparable aloof from the ship they were in certain vital respects aloof from one another. The two men had met at the bar before passing Ambrose Light, but they had never seen each other before, and neither seemed to care much about the other's business. For that matter neither seemed disposed to talk much about his own business. But when that bump was felt, and the orchestra leader was biting his lip lightly to cap his disorganized players back into the measure, the girl and her two companions were caught as if off guard. They began to lay themselves open.

THE EFFECT on Randy Burke was the most astonishing. The girl was the only one who noticed it. Burke, a youth with a yellow shock of hair and hard blue eyes, gave the other man a long, tense stare, for no apparent reason to the world glaring as if he hated him with all the hate in his soul. But then he caught himself suddenly surprised in a covert act.

What happened to us? he asked.

Something in the turbines, a yell," Dirk Talmadge said. Dick was the athletic one. He was thirty-two but seemed older except in the swimming

peel on the afterdeck when he looked as if he had stepped out of a Dorian frieze. "Come on, Judy, let's dance."

There was a tenseness in the air—the ordinary effect on the psychology of a ship's passengers when the turbines stop their endless beating. And then there was a lift of excitement. Languorous and bored voices took on life and more sound as if after the first drink at a cocktail party. The music resumed and all but three or four couples kept dancing, but the more sensitive imaginations felt as if the world had stopped going around.

Judy danced, her slim young body a part of Dick's. The melody ruling the movement of their muscles. They were a visual projection of the song. A soft fall of confetti drifted on her bare shoulders, tossed by a table of guests who felt the untoward exhilaration. People had stared at Judy every night, but now as more couples dropped out to find out why those turbines had stopped, she felt that she and her partner were drifting for the first time in their own sky.

"I thought you and Randy were fond of each other," she said.

"We are."

"At least he's always looking at you almost aghast at everything you do, the way you play squash and the way you swim. He watches you like a young brother. What's happened?"

"To our ship?"

"To you and Randy. I believe you've got a past, Dick."

Dick Talmadge gave such a start that they got out of step. She stared at him hard. She realized how an aura of mystery may suddenly glimmer up around a very ordinary young man. All she knew about Dick was that he was from a Western college and was now an assistant prosecutor in a small city. When she asked him about his past, she felt him hold her a little tighter.

Perhaps this was because a steward had just said something to the orchestra leader and the music flared up purposefully rollicking. It occurred to Dick that they were deliberately trying to cover up something. Judy must have made the same guess, for she said:

"How far could you swim with me dragging on you?"

"Forever."

"What is the thing in your past that's worrying you so much?" Considering the pregnancy of the moment, this did not seem a haphazard question.

"When did you find that out?"

"When we felt that bump," she said. "It seemed to throw us all off guard."

"For all you know, you may be dancing with a fugitive from justice—is that what you're imagining?"

"Or a gangster, perhaps," she laughed. "I may as well let my imagination sail high. Did you ever kill a man?"

"Yes."

THE PIECE ended, leaving the air buzzing with pleasurable excitement. More couples left. But others were coming back, unimpressed. The base had merely bumped some flotsam and shouldered it out of the way. The turbines, to the disappointment of the debutantes, had started again. There was nothing thrilling after all.

Judy knew Dick was looking. But somehow it did not seem a time for looking. Anything that was said under these conditions had a sort of incisive meaning, whether implied or open.

They returned to their seats. Randy Burke had ordered drinks, but then he had stepped out on deck. They saw him out there with a group of men passengers, talking excitedly.

"Whom did you kill—and how did you do it?" Judy asked.

"With a hangman's rope. And in the course of my duties. He got scared in a hold-up and pulled the trigger."

"Then why is it preying on your mind?"

Dick took half his drink in quick swallows. "Because it was all up to me. I could have soft-pedalled some of the evidence if I'd wanted to be crooked. There was only one man to be hushed up—I mean myself. I prosecuted. The boy's mother came to me and begged me to think of her. The rest of the family, innocent and good people, would suffer. Of course I wouldn't listen. I leaned the other way. I used every scrap of evidence in the boy's past—even though it hurt the family name—so I could be sure of a conviction. It was my first big job. I showed mercy to no one, not even the innocent. It's on my mind."

"Why don't you try and forget it, Dick?"

The reply touched him tremendously. It meant she understood him, that she was on his side. But he said:

"I can't forget it. It would have been right—everything I did—if the man had been a gangster. But he wasn't. He was the black sheep of a fine family. He came East and drink and a woman finished him."

"Something's wrong all right," a lively young girl said, coming to the next table with her escort. "All the officers have gone up to the bridge. No one knows what's going to happen. Isn't it exciting!"

Judy and Dick hurried out on deck, and other couples following, the orchestra played to an empty palm garden.

"The starboard boiler melted down, I heard that much," someone was saying.

"The turbines are going anyway," another answered. "It's not the turbines. It's the pumps."

A steward interrupted. "The captain's just keeping her to her proper marks. That's all. Cautious, the Old Man is."

"I want to go down and find dad," Judy said.

"I'll go with you. Hello, Randy, we thought you'd forsaken us."

Randy Burke was listening intently to a group of passengers. One of them was saying, "I heard there's water coming in from the stokehole to the engine room. This'll slow us up plenty."

Judy said, "Come on, Randy. We'll all have a drink on dad."

Randy Burke turned to her with obvious irritation. "Count me out! Don't you see what's happening? That was a submerged wreck we bumped into."

Judy looked as if she'd been scolded. "If there's any danger I've got to find dad. Aren't we going to stick together—you and Dick and I?"

"No. I'm not going anywhere. I want to find out ..." He turned off toward the bridge.



There was a tenseness in the air —the ordinary effect when a ship's turbines stop. Then the music resumed and Judy and Dick continued dancing

"Well, I've discovered another thing," Judy said. "Randy Burke isn't very much in love with me."

THEY GOT into the lift, which was crowded. Dancers and bridge players were going below to the older people who had retired earlier. There were still men at poker, however, and a big jam at the bar. Excitement and conviviality increased.

Judy's father was not in their suite, but a steward said Judy was to wait. Her father had tried to phone her at the palm garden, but everyone on board was trying to use the phones. "If you go trying to hunt him now you'll miss him," the steward said. "Better do what he says and wait."

All cabin doors were open and there were flashes of hair, arms and lingerie. Heads poked out. Judy and Dick went into the sitting room of her suite, leaving the door open. She mixed a drink with her father's bourbon.

Dick paced as he drank. She asked him why he was so jumpy. "There's no real danger, is there? If you're afraid I'll be scared to death."

He said quickly, "No. Not that. It's something else that's got my nerves. It's eating into me."

"Remorse for doing your job so relentlessly?"

"Well, yes," he said uncertainly. "But there's something else too. I've got to tell you. I came on this trip to rest up. I worked pretty hard, you can guess. Besides, there was an aftermath. There were threats."

"Threats?"

"As a matter of fact, I wasn't able to get away from them by coming on this cruise. In the old days, I suppose, men could get out of sight of land and forget their troubles. We can't now. I got a marconigram at ten o'clock tonight." His hand went to the pocket of his dinner jacket, but he checked himself. "Well, this is no time to be talking about myself."

"It's just the time to tell me everything about yourself. Let me read it."

"As a matter of fact, it's nothing to be frightened about. It's just rather grim. I didn't know that I could be hated so for doing what I thought was right. Hated so murderously. But the marconigram is from our office. They say Jed Lee—that's the brother of the condemned man—they say he's on this ship."

Judy's lips sprang into sharp red relief against her skin. "You must have found out if it's true."

"The purser said there was no Jed Lee on the passenger list—or the crew either. He's under an alias, of course. And I don't know what he looks like. He didn't come to the trial. I think he was on some sort of reconstruction job out West. His picture was in the paper, but only as a little kid playing with his brother. Sob stuff, you know. I've been looking at every face, trying to remember that picture of a boy."

"But, Dick! What's he on board for? You don't mean he's going to kill you?"

"When he gets a chance, yes. Of course. He's threatened it. Maybe he's waiting till we're on a shore excursion. Simple enough, isn't it?"

Judy did not answer, for she was intensely preoccupied with an idea of her own. Nor did she bring the idea to light, for at that moment her father entered.

HE WAS flushed and more or less hilarious with excitement. He had a light overcoat over his silk pyjamas and a cap over his leonine head. He gave his daughter a hug and said, "Looks kind of bad. They're making a lot of water. Hello, Dick. Let's have a drink. Did you ever hear of how many pumps they have on a ship like this? Boiler feed pump, engine pump room, and what else did they say? Oh, yes—a general service pump and something they call an ash ejector. I heard they've got every one of 'em going!" He poured himself a half a tumbler of bourbon. "No danger though, really. Of course not." He hugged his daughter again and looked into her face. "Say, listen! You look scared. Nothing can happen. Don't be afraid."

"Afraid with a swimmer like Dick on board!" Judy laughed. "Let's cheer up."

"Sure. Let's have some music." Her father turned to the radio but could get nothing save an ordered and monotonous clicking.

"You ought to get something," Dick said, wanting to make conversation.

"There's no broadcasting," somebody in the passageway called in. Everyone wanted to talk to everyone else, inside the staterooms or out. "Didn't you say there was no broadcasting, steward?"

The steward was very nervous, noticing everyone listening to him hard. The passageway was crowded now, as if at port with visitors waiting for the All Ashore signal.

"They're sending the C-Q now!" the steward blurted without measuring his words.

"So that's what we hear," Judy's father said, still at the radio, which was cracking in a definite cadence. "Our own wireless on this radio. Lord, I'm going to get some more clothes on!"

"What's the C-Q?" they asked out in the passageway.

"It means all stations to listen—all over the Atlantic seaboard," a young man answered agreeably. "New York's having a thrill, I'd say."

When her father went into his own stateroom, Judy turned to Dick. She had listened to little of this interlude, for her brain still whirled with that idea of hers.

"Listen, Dick. There's something I want to ask you. Randy Burke and you are pretty thick, aren't you?"

"I thought we were. But he looks a little yellow to me, if you want to know my opinion."

"Wasn't you that picked him up at the bar when you first met—or was it he?"

"Can't remember. Fellows get to talking over their



drinks. I wanted to get rid of him, but he stuck. Then I got to like him."

"Was it you who planned that shore excursion at La Ceiba, when you two were to take a banana railway up into the mountains together?"

"H'm, well, no, he planned that. I wanted you and your dad to go along, I remember, but he objected. It was no trip for a girl—" He stopped with a gasp. "Judy! What are you saying?"

"When that bump caught us all off guard, I saw a look in his eyes. If ever I saw murder in a look—"

A purser's assistant, hurrying down the passageway, was calling into every door. "Put on warm clothes, everybody, and report on B Deck."

Hysterical dowagers in mink or summer ermine were jabbering at him like a cageful of monkeys at a keeper. "Are we going down? How long—how long? Help me find my sister, please, for heaven's sake! Please, please!"

"How long we going to float?"

WHEN JUDY and her father had on their life jackets, Dick went out with them. A steward handed him a life jacket. Judy begged him to stop at his stateroom and put on woollen stockings, and the suggestion gave him the first real thrill of the night. "No time for that," he laughed. Judy's father kept his arm hooked in hers. Dick and Judy held hands. They said nothing more. It was the first silence she had allowed ever since they had met.

A growing frenzy beat about them as they went above. People were hurrying past, some running, some staggering, for as Dick noticed, there was a growing list. A silver-haired lady was screaming for her missing daughter. A man was carrying a little girl bundled in blankets. An ash blond had a parakeet in a cage. The only order to this growing chaos was the stand of a cargo boom far forward swinging out, followed by a thunderous splash. Dick heard without being impressed that they were jettisoning crated machinery.

They came out on deck. The air hummed with the steady cracking of the S.O.S. Scores of people were already piling into boats, having deserted spaces of slanting planes that twisted the geometry of the world. The giant funnels leaned, hovering, blotting out the sky. A rocket zoomed at a crazy angle like a shooting star thrown from a planet in labor. The cargo masts tilted slowly across the dome of moonlit sky inch by inch; their booms no longer marking off the gallop of time. With the falling off of steam, their work ceased.

Dick searched the drifting mass of white faces, hunting for one man. He had a strange yearning to meet Randy Burke face to face so that they could look at each other for the first time with masks thrown away. He was impatient to see Judy and her father safe in a boat so that he could continue his search. When they climbed into a lifeboat, Dick made no attempt to get in with them. Others piled in before. Judy knew what was happening. She looked up bewildered, to discover that Dick was no longer clutching her.

"Dick!" she burst out. "Where are you?"

"Right here." Dick reached across the rail to her. "I'll get into the next boat."

She sprang up from her thwart, reaching for him. She got his hand.

"Dick! You've got to get in. I won't go unless you get in!"

"Take care of your dad."

"Pipe that woman down," an officer said calmly. "No hysterics now."

Judy's father pulled her back to the thwart.

"Lower away!"

"Lower away!"

"Good-by, sweet," Dick said.

Judy revealed herself for the first time. "I love you!"

Blocks creaked on their davits. The boat swung out and, because of the list, was suspended instantly over darkness.

The wireless scratched its call against the sky. Leaving the rail, Dick heard an officer announcing in a loud steady voice that a small liner was coming under forced draught and would be alongside directly. A banana boat was standing up from the south, a Japanese freighter from the southeast.

One lifeboat after the other filled and lowered away. Dick wandered from boat to boat, peering into the upturned faces as they dropped below successive tiers of lighted portholes. Then he searched those that were still on board. He was like a lost spirit on the shores of the Styx, wandering in a region that was neither life nor death.

HE FOUND Randy Burke at the last boat, which was loaded on the starboard side. A rope stretched from bulkhead to railhead corralled a group of men passengers, waiters, the black gang that had been driven up from the wallowing stokehold. They all stood there dumb, no man looking into another's face.

"How you getting on, Randy?"

Randy Burke's lips were moving, shivering. He twisted and knotted his fingers. His head was lowered, staring hungrily at the lifeboat.

"Look at me, Randy."

Randy Burke's eyes turned up glassy, and said: "Dick!" he gasped. "I can't swim. They won't let me into a boat!"

"Look me in the eyes, Randy. That'll help."

"What are you talking about! We're going down! They roped us off here. They're letting us drown like rats!"

Dick clutched him by the shoulders and twisted him around, forcing him to look up. "We know each other now, don't we, kid?"

Randy Burke's eyes widened. They clung to Dick's for one ghastly moment. Then he whimpered. "I don't know what you mean. I only know I'm afraid. I want to get home. My mother's waiting for me there—she's old. She wanted me to stay home. If I'd only listened to her! I'm scared, man. I can't face what's coming!"

"That's all I meant, Randy. You're yellow. Think of your mother. They all know this ship's sinking. They know it all over the world. Your mother's praying for you."

"If they don't let us up to that boat—"

"That boat's no good. We'll swim. Hang on to me. I'll tow you."

Randy Burke's limp arm hooked under Dick's.

"Room for three more here," a voice from the lifeboat called steadily. "Only passengers."

Seven or eight leaped forward, ducking or hurdling the rope. Randy let go of Dick's arm, whirled madly, shoving everyone out of the way. They were all waiting for the first rear of the herd to bolt. Randy fought, grunted, choked, gave a bellow. He windmilled his arms. He struck a man who had bumped him. An officer, easily picking out the focal point of this disturbance, stepped up and clipped him neatly on the chin. He rolled.

The officer turned to Dick. "All right, you. Get aboard. The rest of you back all to the life rafts."

Dick stepped forward obediently, almost stumbling over Randy Burke's form. He stopped. Another man got to the boat first and the officer let him in. Dick yanked Randy Burke to his feet.

"Lower away!" the officer shouted. And then the lights went out.

THEY WENT out all over the ship. There was a roar of steam as water poured into the fires. The wireless went dead. A rocket whistled, lighting the new sky. Flashlights spurted, darting over the blind stampede to the life rafts.

Dick Talmadge shook the man he held, clutching him by the lapels until his teeth chattered and his head lolled groggily, then stiffened.

Out of the darkness above, a voice yelled from the bridge. "By the board, everybody! She's going!"

The ship seemed to struggle as if awakening from a lethargy. She stretched herself, growing enormous in size, her stern moving upward in the moonlight.

Dick threw off his coat and life belt. He dragged the man to the rail.

"Go ahead and jump!" he shouted. "We've got to get clear when she sinks. You hear me? Jump!"

"No, no! I can't. I'll go down. I can't swim. Hold me, Dick. Don't let go!"

Arm in arm, they jumped.

The wireless, working now on its emergency set, was sputtering its last cry for help when Dick came up out of fathoms of black water. He started swimming to a steady overhand, towing the bulky thing that clung behind him. All about him were splashes of phosphorescence as one man after the other went by the board. But these blots of dim

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The mining floor of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

So You're in the Market?

By WILFRID SANDERS

ACCORDING TO the estimate of a man whose business it is to handle market figures accurately, as much as $60 000 000 changed hands in Canada via listed and unlisted mining stocks on a single day during the height of the mining boom last summer.

The boom is still booming. The 1937 figures may be just as astronomical.

That $60 000 000 turnover is not a typical day's trading. But the fact that there were such days and may be such days this year shows the tremendous hold mining has secured on Canadian imagination. It represents about 5c per day for every man, woman and child in the country. In 1935 Canada's national income was about $1.30 per capita per day!

This $60 000 000 is big money. But it is not Big Money. In other words it is in the main the aggregate of the savings of small people—the wage earner, the housewife, the professional man and the fellow who shaves your driveway.

To these people last year went hundreds of thousands of ornately printed certificates, showing that they were part owners of some bush girt rock-ribbed piece of land in the North.

For these certificates, many Canadians paid money they could ill afford to lose. Yet experience shows that if half a dozen of the 2 000 odd new companies formed last year pay dividends, it will be a phenomenal percentage.

The Lucky Few

WHAT IS the psychology of this eagerness to rush in where financial angels fear to tread? Is it only the fool who rushes in?

Gallantry in any event, would preclude classifying as fools those femmine devotees who throng the brokers' offices with their knitting and their chitchat dropping stitches and comments on the market with equal aplomb taxing the patience and ingenuity of nice young customers men with their opinions and questions.

No niceties of etiquette however prevent us classifying as a fool the man who eagerly hands over $50 or $100 on the strength of some "hot tip" of vague origin while his wife makes her coat do for still another winter.

Those who are attracted to the market during a boom period are not usually looking for an investment. The mine-conscious public is not investing its money on a yield basis, but is speculating in the hope of appreciating its capital. This is why most of the sudden sharp gains take place in cheap unlisted and non-dividend paying stocks.

Take a look at your daily paper. Extricate it you can, the financial pages from the clutches of your wife. Most papers, particularly the financial weeklies, publish on the quotation page the high and low mark reached by every listed stock during the year. These two columns contain the real clue to the fascination which the mining market has for the public.

You will observe that you might have purchased stock in O'Brien Gold Mines for 34 cents a share in January, 1936. If you had you might (saddest of words) have sold it in July at 87 per share.

Again you might have combated the true story of the young Toronto clerk who for two years had wanted to marry his girl. He had saved only $200 from his $30 a week salary. His intended unfortunately insisted on a nest egg of at least $1 000 before she would consent to undertake the responsibilities of homemaking. Gloomily this young man estimated that at the rate of $100 per year it would take ten years before he could marry the girl of his choice. But—

Last July a salesman of the company employing the frustrated fiancé mentioned that he had received a tip on Francoeur Gold Mines. It was said the salesman "due for a rise."

The young man had never bought a share of stock in his life but he thought about it during the night and in the morning had decided, without telling his girl to "take a flyer." Timidly he got in touch with a broker and bought 500 shares of Francoeur at the market price of 21 cents a share. The cost him $120 practically his whole stake.

If the probing fingers of a diamond drill in Northwestern Quebec had not encountered a few feet of mineralized rock this youth would have had to postpone his marriage indefinitely. As it was, the story ended happily. In less than thirty days he had sold his Francoeur at $2 05 and received for his $620, about $1,845.

He got married.

I said this story ends happily. Perhaps it won't. This young chap has the idea that he earned this $1,845 that in some vague way it was the result of shrewdness. His adoring bride is also convinced that she is married to a business genius, whereas, as a matter of cold fact she is married to a fairly efficient clerk.

This case is not unusual. When the market is rising, story endings may be happy. But an inflated mining market is like a drug. As long as the public keeps absorbing mining shares in large doses everything is rosy. Then the saturation point comes and a selling wave starts. In the reaction, it is obvious that somebody will be left holding the worthless stock.

Better read this before you gamble any more of your savings or salary on Dazzle-'em Gold

The writer has, in his office, a very revealing file. It is a file of defunct Canadian mining companies. There are some 3,000 of them and the file is by no means a complete record. It does not include, for example the thousands of syndicates whose units were bought by an optimistic public. But there they be these companies gross relics of long past "golden eras." The stark remains of the Cobalt silver rush, the Red Lake rush, the Porcupine rush, the Larder Lake and Kirkland Lake rushes, the Kenora rush, the Caribou rush—rush rush rush!

Certainly some money was made in these fields by a lucky few. Much more numerous were those who lost. This is a file of unhappy endings.

The brother fellow worker or chum of the above-mentioned bridegroom won't see that file. More than likely they'll all be tempted to put their $200 into the market. So the snowball grows.

Investment vs. Speculation

THE BOOM which lasted most of last year may be largely traced to the sudden rise of one stock. True, the conditions were right for a raining boom but this one stock in the opinion of most observers, was the spark which set the whole mining market snowing. It was MacLeod-Cockshutt. On March 24 1936 this stock was quoted by dealers at 11 cents per share. By May it had passed $5 per share.

It takes only a few moves like this to get John J. Public and his nephew scrambling into the market, looking not where they leap.

If John J. were playing the races he would never think of putting his $2 on a horse without consulting a form chart, or at least making some enquiries as to the odds.

There are of course classes of mining stock which cannot be compared with the hazards of horse racing. Canada has her Lake Shores, her Noranda, her International Nickels, all of which are established names with tremendous ore reserves, capable management and most of the attributes of investments rather than speculations. They are mines which have become efficient business enterprises.

Unfortunately it is not, as a rule, this type of stock which attracts the man on the street. It is the very instability of the cheaper stocks that attracts him most. The man with the small amount of money to gamble with is the one

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Great Coronation Dramas

By CHARLES BARDON BAILLEY

I. Crowned in an Earthquake

UNLIKE his unfortunate father Charles I was a man of attractive appearance and great personal magnetism, although this did not prevent him from earning the unenviable distinction of being the only British sovereign ever sent to the scaffold.

Charles was crowned at Westminster Abbey and also seven years later at Holyrood. The last sovereign to have a coronation at the ancient seat of the Stuarts. Both coronations had strange and unusual features and for years after Charles' execution, superstitious people recalled many omens which were noted at both ceremonies.

Charles had all the Stuart love of ceremony and display, and his father was not long passed before elaborate preparations commenced for the coronation of the handsome new king.

The ceremony was fixed for February 2 1626, Candlemas. The first hitch in the arrangements was when it was decided that on account of the plague the customary procession from the Tower to the Abbey would not take place. In those days, British sovereigns used to spend the eve of their coronation in the Tower and next morning set out with a glittering escort to the Abbey through gaily decorated streets crowded with spectators. These old time coronation processions were wonderful pageants and were extremely popular with Londoners. The cancellation of the historic spectacle was a great disappointment to London, and left a gap in the king's popularity in the capital.

Then it became known that Queen Henrietta, the consort of Charles did not intend to be present at the coronation as her Catholic beliefs would not permit her to take part in an Anglican ceremony. This was ominous news to the large and strong anti papal party who suspected Charles himself of being a secret Catholic.

The king spent a great deal of time in selecting the robes he would wear at the coronation and in connection with this there was a curious incident. It had been customary from time immemorial for English sovereigns to wear initial coronation robes of purple crimson or rich gold, but at the behest of Archbishop Laud and in honor of Candlemas, Charles elected to go to the Abbey in a robe of white velvet. Several men and women in the royal suite the day before the coronation begged the king not to wear white, the traditional color of suffering and trouble, and Charles was so impressed that he ordered a purple robe should be procured for him at all costs.

But despite diligent search all over London, an adequate piece of purple cloth could not be obtained. The merchants' stocks had been completely denuded by heavy demands for the material for decoration and dress. Charles, therefore had to be robed in white and when he was fully attired ready to leave for the Abbey, he looked—in the words of one of his suite—like the white victim of sacrifice.

Earthquake and Silence

WITH A retinue of attendants, the king entered the magnificent royal barge that was to take him by water from his Whitehall Palace to the steps at Westminster. For some unaccountable reason the usually efficient royal waterman allowed the barge to pass the richly carpeted steps on which it had been arranged the king was to land. The boat put in to a dirty and squalid part of the riverside, and Charles and his resplendent party had to scramble ashore in a rather undignified manner.

The usually urbane Charles was much upset for that had not been the only hitch that morning. The left wing of the dove which tops the historic sceptre with the dove had been unaccountably broken an omen of the Civil War according to many people. The king had sent for the court goldsmith to repair it immediately and when the jeweller expressed his doubt whether he could finish the repair in time Charles exclaimed grimly:

"Do it now, or someone else will."

Yet when he entered the crowded Abbey the king looked most dignified and tranquil and murmurs of admiration at his appearance were heard on all sides. The ceremony was an impressive one but astonishment was caused by the text of the Bishop of Carlisle's sermon. It will give Libee a crown of life," which is usually the text of a funeral oration. During the sermon the Abbey was suddenly rocked by an earthquake and two or three peeresses fainted and caused some commotion.

A prelate who had been intently watching Charles throughout all the long ceremony declared afterward that he saw a big black shadow across the king's shoulders as the ancient St. Edward's crown was being placed upon his head. Among the vast throng in the Abbey was an old female servant of James I. She had nursed Charles as an infant in Scotland and in conversation with one of the watermen after the ceremony she told of the story current about Charles in his birthplace, Dunfermline.

At the royal infant lay in his cradle, according to the tale a figure, swooped down and covered the babe with a blood red mantle. This may only be fiction but what happened when Charles was presented to the great gathering as a being crowned is historical fact. In a loud voice Laud declared:

"My masters and friends, I am here come to present unto you your king. King Charles, to whom the crown of his ancestors and predecessors is now devolved by legal right, and therefore I desire you by your general acclaim to testify your consent and willingness thereunto." But not a sound came from the vast multitude in the Abbey. According to the testimony of many witnesses, the silence was literally uncanny. Then the lord marshal cried: "God Save King Charles," and the Abbey reverberated to joyous acclamations. But the two minutes silence was never forgotten and pure Scandinavia afterward maintained that it was a proof and divine sign of the fate which lay in front of Charles.

In the evening, the king and his court celebrated the coronation with sumptuous feasting and entertainment in the palace of Whitehall and both there and at Westminster Hall vessels of all kinds and gold and silver coins were distributed with a lavish hand to all and sundry.

A Terrible Accident

CHARLES was crowned at Holyrood Abbey in June, 1633 and Edinburgh gave him and his retinue of 500 an elaborate reception and raptures welcome. Pageants and processions greeted the king in every main street and all Scotland's beauty and chivalry came to the capital for the coronation. The ceremony at Holyrood was marked by an unseemly wrangle between Laud and the Scottish prelate the Bishop of Brechin who crowned the king. Laud and Charles as well were annoyed at the plain

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Charles I had to be robed in white. He looked "like the white victim of sacrifice."

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

Wilderness Ripple

The story of Scarface, the grizzly, and Pym, the shrew—Plotted by Nature, the grim comedian

By KENNETH GILBERT

WHEN OLD Scarface overlord of the Bogachiel country became he was the biggest grizzly and therefore the biggest carnivore in all that wild land tried to smash the hilarity of Pym tiniest of mammals, it seemed an inconsequential thing. But the pygmy shrew half the size of a mouse escaped and thereby the act of the moreso brute unleashed forces which if he could have foreseen them would have sent him hurrying from the place shaking with fear.

For nature finds humor in the grotesque, and her favorite jest is the law of cause and effect. A pebble tossed into a pool may create a wave which washes out the last support ing sand of an undermined bank thereby causing a slide which changes the course of a river spreading destruction and perhaps death along a great valley. A single spark may grow into a conflagration covering half a province and wiping out millions of feet of valuable timber. A tree, falls—and carries with it other trees. Because a burrowing muskrat wants a roomier home he may puncture the face of an earth-dam and cause a flood resulting in great damage and loss of life.

So nature laughs again at her ancient and tragic joke of the ripple of life, wherein effect is out of all proportion to primary cause. The crushing impact of the grizzly's heavy paw merely made the ground vibrate for a few metres thereabouts so much for cause. Yet the effect thereof was like a snowball starting down a mountainside gathering bulk with every turn until it becomes a roaring avalanche. Scarface weighed close to a thousand pounds; the pygmy shrew full fed might have tipped the scale at six ounces. Greatest and smallest of animals in the primitive Bogachiel Grim nature smiled.

They had named the grizzly because of an old wound which streaked his forehead and men respected him warily by reason of a deserved reputation for ferocity. At the moment the thing began Scarface was roaring at a rotted stump which held a nest of wood-ants whose acrid pungency he loved; when he saw a little creature dart out of a crevice in the wood and vanish under a piece of bark lying on the ground. Like lightning the bear struck, thinking that he had destroyed a mouse but when he raked apart the fragments of broken bark he found a gopher hole beneath. Alarm which Pym had nudged. Grunting his disappointment for he was inordinately fond of mice old Scarface resumed warfare on the ants' nest.

For underground moving with calm confidence went the pygmy shrew. Despite his extraordinarily small size he was all courage a truculent little savage reordained to eating his weight in flesh three times every day. His immature jaws were set with needlelike fighting fangs and he asked no odds of other wilderness creatures several times his weight. A slaty hued assassin whose eyes were like cold jet he moved along the tunnel with twitching nostrils eager for food for he was ever hungry. His wiry nature's ripple, set in motion by the petulant all hazard blow of a great grizzly, thousands of times his size and of whose angry roar the wood hulk trembled in terror and took to cover. Pym was important only by reason of consequences, yet how important.

AS HE ROUNDED a turn in the erratic ramblings of the shrew his abrupt appearance created sudden consternation.

In a pocket off the tunnel was the gopher's home and from here another tunnel led away as a backdoor exit, to be used in time of distress. There were four of the furry kits cuddled snugly in the nest each of them larger than Pym but his redoubtable nature was not one to hesitate in the face of odds when he was furnished as now. His fierce odor distasteful like that of all carnivores, suddenly filled the place and the baby gophers aroused in alarm. Without preliminary he struck at the nearest kit a vengeful little flash of grey, deadly in silence.

Yet hardly had his teeth fastened on the throat-hold and before their keen points could penetrate and do damage the tunnel echoed to a muffled shriek. The mother gopher reaching home by the backdoor entrance had arrived unexpectedly and her fateful teeth snapping like chisels, just missed Pym's incredibly small body.

Instantly he let go his hold and fled. He was full of wisdom this least of the wild folk and he had no intention of battling a creature probably twenty times his weight. So quickly that the eye could scarcely follow his movements he flashed down the tunnel, hotly pursued by the indignant mother gopher. Out into the open he went and she ran hot at his heels, disregarding natural caution in her determination to revenge the violation of her home. This was a serious thing for the rule of claw and fang in the wilderness permits all indifference. As the mother gopher emerged from her tunnel death stooped at her suddenly from the air.

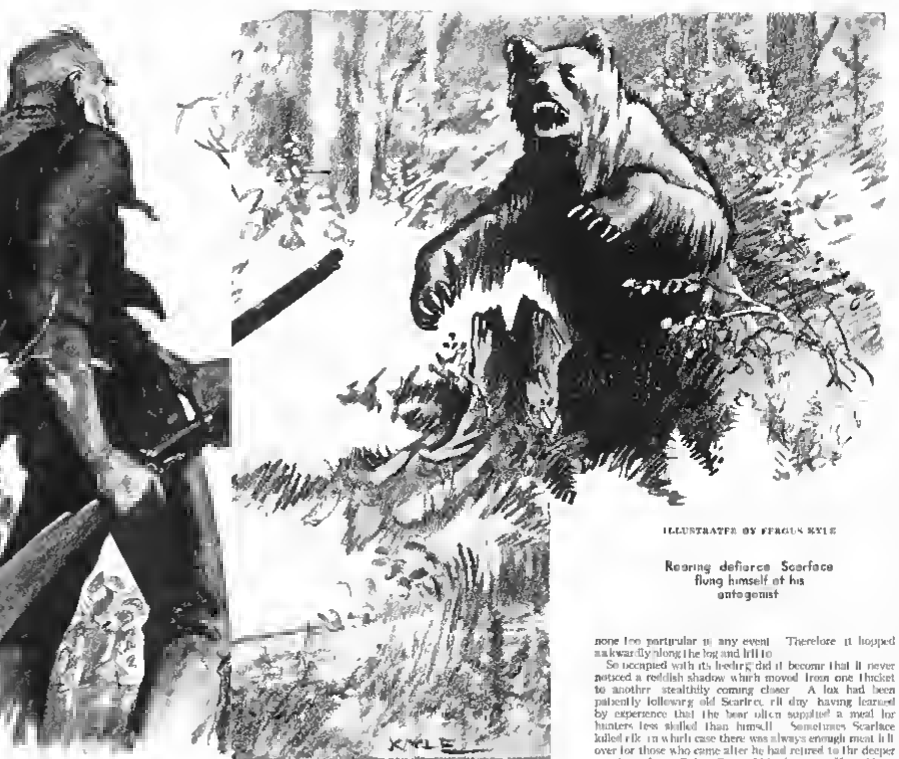
A Cooper's hawk, his sleek ornamented body mottled and barred, had been wheeling in short circles two hundred feet above the spot hoping to discover an unwary rabbit or a venturesome grouse and when he saw the striped back of the mother gopher diving through the brush in pursuit of Pym he struck instantly. There was an ominous whistling sound as his wings closed and he shot earthward. The gopher heard the warning and gave up all thoughts of revenge on the pygmy shrew. With a sharp chirr of alarm she darted under a log that was screened by a rank growth of devil-club, and the hawk's talons clutched space, a bare two inches behind her.

Immediately the hawk swung skyward with a *ki-ee-eee!* of disappointment and resumed his hunting. He was unaware however that his movements had been marked.

A quarter of a mile distant a slender bodied marten in brown fur with an orange belly regarded the hawk with interest. There is no keener brain in the wilderness than that of a pine marten and the activities of the hawk were vastly interesting. From long experience the marten forgot that a mink but belonging to the same bloodthirsty weasel clan of *mustelidae* had rated Bert whenever a hawk struck game was to be buried. Soundlessly the snaky bodied destroyer began looping its way through the brush. There the marten would resume where the hawk had left off and no thicket was too dense nor burrow too deep for it to penetrate. As it moved along with its queer rubbery gait there was a businesslike manner about it that appeared deadly efficient. Arrived at the spot where it had seen the hawk dip the marten paused and peered about with its mild face as though hopelessly puzzled. But no wilderness dweller which knew the habits of the big wood weasel would be deceived for a moment. The marten had not discovered the whereabouts of the gopher, but it had discovered better game.

SQUATTED in a near by thicket cowed by the presence of the circling hawk was a big grouse. As the marten appeared the grouse knew a mighty impulse to go thundering off through the trees, yet to do so would invite instant disaster from the swift winged freebooter of the skies who still lurked aloft and bent a vitreous-hard eye on earth. The grouse hesitated for a moment and was lost. Like the thrust of a brown lance the marten leaped there was a frantic battering of wings on earth and then the killer lifted its snarling mask, mild no longer and stared around truculently. But two seconds later it spat vengefully like a cat and sprang for the safety of screening brush.

Nor was the fact that the big grouse still crabbed away at the stump a few feet distant the thing which had startled the marten. At the first scent of the grouse's wings a larger hunger came from nowhere and hovered over the spot. Broad pinions fanned the air noiselessly, while yellow ish cat-eyes searched the thicket marked the triumphant marten and struck. Although it was early for his customary night hunting the great horned owl who haunted that stretch of uplands along the Bogachiel was ravenous as usual. If he had not been desperately hungry he would not have made the grievous error he did. For instead of seizing the helpless grouse his hooklike talons locked themselves through the skin of the marten's back.



ILLUSTRATED BY FERGUS KYLE

Rearing defiance Scarface flung himself at his antagonist

Instantly the owl realized its mistake, for it knew well that the marten was no hapless rabbit, incapable of defense. With a terrible hissing and snapping of beak the owl sought to get clear but the furious body of the marten twisted and bared fangs went instinctively for the vulnerable spot beneath the bird's left wing where a great artery runs close to the surface in all the feathered clan.

Nevertheless the broad pinions of the owl stroked so mightily that attacker and attacked were lifted from the ground. Slowly they climbed through the trees the owl trying to shake off the brown horror slashing so savagely at it. But this was impossible and high in air the end came.

There was a sudden bright gush which stained the fluffy grey body, then like a falling leaf the great bird began whirling earthward with outspread wings faster and faster until it struck heavily on a log and lay there motionless.

Nor did the marten stir save convulsively. The gyrations of the dying owl had torn the killer loose and when it fell from a height of perhaps three hundred feet it likewise struck the log breaking its body across a stubby limb. Old Scarface busy with his digging looked up sharply as he heard the impacts near by, but the sounds meant nothing to him. He continued ripping apart the rotted stump which now swarmed with fury black warriors.

Nor did the occurrence mean a thing to little Pym the initial cause of it all. Unaware that his had brought about the deaths of two wilderness killers, in addition to the harmless grouse, he kept on with his own private affairs. Having been driven from the seclusion of the stump—he had even forgotten old Scarface and the grizzly's heavy paw—he could find no sanctuary even in the gopher den so he went foraging afield for he was weak with famine not having eaten for nearly three hours. Presently he was working along the edge of a shriving bank which overhung a spring-fed pool. All at once at a familiar scent he turned and entered a hole not much larger than his own body. As he did so there was an ominous hissing and suddenly a flat head with a licking, fork-shaped tongue, lashed at him in the darkness.

Now the hole into which Pym had turned led to the den of a small watersnake which was accustomed to rest there between feedings on frogs and trout by the pool. The snake was not poisonous but a savage fighter nevertheless, and he had no objection to dining on mice whenever his could. Little Pym looked like an immature mouse and the snake struck with confidence. Never was more grievous error made.

For the pygmy shrew evaded the opened jaws deftly and fastened its puny tearing teeth to the snake's throat hanging on with bulldog tenacity. Immediately the snake writhed horribly lashing about in its death agony. But there was no dislodging its grim little attacker, and when the thing was ended little Pym staggered from the den surfeited with feeding leaving behind him evidence that even snakes many times his size were not proof against his skill and courage. It was a half hour later when, hungry again his nose located accurately a nest of voles biggest of meadow mice in a grassy clump beside the stream and not far from where old Scarface labored with the ant-covered stump. Before that happened however the consequences of little Pym's escape from the bear took a new twist entirely for the force of a ripple of nature is not expended at once. There were dire things to come.

THE river watching hawk marking the body of the dead marten stooped again and alighted on the log. It eyed the bear a few feet distant but decided that the lumbering grizzly was too occupied to notice. The marten was not exactly a tempting morsel, but the hawk was hungry and of the ant nest did not seem to promise much for the fox but the latter was never without hope. When the hawk began tearing apart the marten whose fall along with that of the owl had already been noted by the fox, the thrill of prey sealed its own doom.

Too late it saw movement close at hand. Its wings beat gustily as it tried to leap upward. But the spring of the fox was accurate and strong, jaws crushed life from the feathered marauder. Well satisfied, and intending to return soon for the carrion and the owl the fox turned away in the direction of its den where its mate and little ones waited. But its eagerness was its undoing, for in its tattoos very it bounded over a log and squarely into a coyote trap which old Trem Farney had set the previous winter and had never taken up. Gripped acutely it was discovered and dispatched by the man when he happened by there a few minutes later. The fox pelt was worthless at this season but old Trem Farney regarded all such creatures as "varmints."

And the reason that the man came along was that he, too, had been watching the antics of the hawk from the door of the Farney's dim quarter of a mile distant. The old man had marked the bird's sudden plunge as it struck at the gopher. He had seen it rise swiftly then strike again as it came down to land on the marten.

Trem Farney held particular hatred of that hawk who had proved to be a consistent chicken thief. A similar bird cooped with Scribus which in future put the man up a tree and kept him there until dawn. Likewise Farney suspected that Scarface was responsible for the disappearance of a calf pestered with its mate for the stump lot. Farney had found the mother next morning near death from wounds received in defense of her young. "Bear" decided Trem and vowed the account would not be squared until he had the grizzly's hide pegged on the side of the barn. Try as he would however the old man could never get an even break with the grizzly who was running as well as it ingenious.

So it was with no thought of encountering Scarface that Trem Farney got out the ancient single barrelled shotgun a muzzle-loader and started for the woods where he had seen the hawk make its last strike. Here he would have taken his rifle Farney believed the hawk had made a kill and it was his hope to get near enough for a long shot with the muzzle loader. When he found the fox in the trap he merely killed it with a stick, realizing that a gunshot would undoubtedly alarm the hawk. The man had no way of knowing that the dead bird which he turned beside the trapped fox was the one which he sought. That lack of knowledge probably saved his life a few minutes later.

FOR AS HE crossed the creek and warily approached the spot where the hawk had vanished and where he now expected to see it reappear, he was suddenly confronted by the towering figure of old Scarface. There was reason for Trem Farney to be glad that he had not wasted the single shot in the ancient gun.

Under other circumstances Scarface might have been willing to retreat but it seemed that the man had been stalking him had him cornered. The huge bear was more ill tempered than usual for the last nest had provided little sustenance for a beast of his vitality. He saw his enemy rise at hand and running defiance and willingness to do battle, he flung himself at the man. With a startled gasp Trem Farney threw up the gun and fired.

At that short range the scraps of lead almost in the grizzly's face. A portion of the blind-shot plunge struck him in the throat inflicting a grievous wound while scattering pellets blinded him. But his instinct told him the direction of the man even though he could not see him and he scarcely hesitated in his charge.

With an agility astonishing in one of his years, Trem Farney leaped aside just as the bear lumbered by. The man wheeled to run but the bear, turning instantly, smelled him out and came on in before. Again Farney barely dodged as the hurtling body thundered by.

For the moment now the bear was puzzled in its efforts to locate the man and Farney put down to run for four of attracting the beast's attention worked swiftly trying to reload. But Scarface heard him and bellowing, with pain and rage charged upon Farney had time only to ram the powder home before the grizzly was almost atop him. Miraculously the man evaded the slapping forepaws.

But Trem Farney almost stumbled over the log where the owl and marten lay dead. There was no time or inclination to ponder upon the reasons why they should be there, quick as it really enough he saw an opportunity to distract the bear's attention. Snatching up the fluffy body of the owl he hurled it straight at the slavering mouth of the infuriated beast.

The scheme worked. Instantly Scarface fell upon the bird ripping it to pieces while Farney worked swiftly reloading the gun. Then as though aware it had been tricked the grizzly flung the owl aside and came more lumbered straight at his human foe.

This time however Farney was ready for him. To the credit of the man too, it must be said that he stood his ground. With a handful of buckshot pounded on top of the

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Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER

The Defeat of Fascist Mosley



A. BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

I AM WRITING this at 12.30 on a winter's night toward the closing weeks of the year 1936.

When I use the term "winter's night" it must be understood it is in the English sense. You must not visualize snow-covered roofs, with the blue moonlight gilding on the chimney pots and casting deep azure shadows. You must not imagine that there is a hum of telegraph wires playing a symphony of muted strings on a frosty night.

It is raining. That's all. Raining as it did in Somerset Maugham's play, "Rain." A few minutes ago I put my nose out on the Terrace (perhaps I should have mentioned that the scene of this nocturne is the House of Commons) and was baptized with rain. The blue lights on the opposite bank of the Thames are almost hidden from view by the torrent.

To cheer myself up I have just read two letters from *Maclean's* readers. The first one says that he looks forward eagerly to my London Letters and is keeping them in a scrapbook. The second one says in brief that I make him sick and he cannot understand why *Maclean's* publishes such rot.

What can I reply unless to emulate that eminent philosopher Groucho Marx, who introduced his wife to some reporters and then said: "Well, boys! Am I right or are you wrong?"

I wonder what pleases my friend with the scrapbook. I wonder what displeases my friend with the stomach-ache.

In the end it does not matter much. A writer is a sculptor, a carpenter, a farmer. I can only work to his own standards. He must pronounce his own verdict and believe his work good when the world jeers or believe it bad when the crowd applauds. Truly when a man creates he brings into being his own heaven and his own hell.

All of which has nothing to do with the theme of my London Letter but what is in the value of a letter if one cannot share the mood as well as the thoughts with those who read?

Democracy Speaks

THIS Parliament is like all Parliaments. There are times when the unimportance of the debates wearies the soul; when men talk to feed their vanity or to fill the columns of their local newspapers; when men obstruct because the debate would collapse, if they did not do so; when Ministers use words in action to mock inaction or evade the issue like a toreador stepping aside from the rush of a bull.

And then unexpectedly there comes a moment when the heart of England speaks and such stillness falls upon the place that the only accompaniment to the spoken word is the sound of Big Ben announcing that another hour has been sent floating down the river of history.

It was such a debate when we passed the first reading of what was bluntly called the "Public Order Bill" but which might equally well have been named "The Rights of Democracy Bill."

In a recent Letter I described the activities of Sir Oswald Mosley and his Blue Shirt Fascists. It was a matter of engrossing interest to me because I had criticized and denounced Mosley in my columns in the *Sunday Times* and the *Sunday Graphic*, and it is always gratifying to a journalist to see the cause for which he is fighting prove victorious even if he is inclined in the moment of victory to exaggerate the importance of his own contribution.

There was practical unanimity in all quarters of the House. Even Socialists, Tories and Liberals alike came tribute to that precious democracy which is called England.

Herbert Morrison, the fiery orator of the Labor Front Bench said: "Love of country is not confined to one Party. We on this side of the House desire to alter the existing order of things in many ways, but we do not deny—on the contrary we proudly acknowledge—that, look where you will, there is no country where man's humanity to man stands so high as in England."

One speaker after another, from first hand observation told how democratic Germany in like conditions had failed to grapple with the menace of private armies until it was too late. On the other hand three or four Members uttered the warning note that we were interfering with free speech and the rights of political sections to demonstrate.



. . . we'll have none of these Fascist-provoked riots.

Came the reply: "The rights of free speech do not include the privilege of creating disorder or stirring up persecution against one section of the populace."

And it was then that the debate took its most moving turn.

A Tory aristocrat whose ancestor helped to frame that old cry "King John and no farmer" Welsh miner who had worked in the pits at the age of ten declared that Parliament would not endure the persecution of the Jew in England. One member after another rose in their places and demanded that this foul growth of anti-Semitism should be plucked by the roots and cast aside for the evil and noisome thing that it is.

"Neither by action nor speech nor by the display of banners, will we continue to permit anyone or any section of the public to inflame the passions against a race that has traditionally found a home and a refuge in this country."

My mind went back to six months ago when an exiled German Jew named Herman Fehlner came to see me. He was big and jolly and his laugh shook the rafters but there was no laughter in his eyes. He loved Germany and was too old to make his roots elsewhere. Two or three nights later he was found hanged in his own room. He could no longer endure the sufferings of his race.

Again I recalled a recent visit of Theodor Wolff, who, as editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* was the foremost European journalist before the war. For years he had fought for the cause of Liberalism in Germany and a policy of friendship with Britain.

On August 1, 1914, Bethmann Hollweg, the German Chancellor sent for him to ask his advice.

"You agree that England will not come in?" said Bethmann Hollweg.

"If you invade Belgium," said Wolff, "England will be at war within twenty-four hours."

"But she has no army. She will be beaten."

Wolff smiled wearily. "Once she comes in she will never give up, even if the whole of Europe is in ashes. The nation does not exist that can defeat the British Empire."

After the war he labored for a closer understanding with France. He kept alive the feeble flames of German democracy and supported Brüning and Stresemann when France and Britain would not see the coming menace writing across the skies.

So Hitler came to power. One day Wolff was returning from Cologne to Berlin when his friends entered the train at a suburban station and took him off. They hurried him into a car and started for the frontier. The Nazis were waiting at his home to arrest him.

Today he is a broken old man, a man without a country. He has a son whom he cannot place in work because he has no citizenship. When he says "Good-by" his tired feet take him toward the door like one who has nowhere to go.

"I ask only one thing," he says in his broken English "that you will not speak against Germany in my presence. It is my country and no man can take away my love for my country."

When I was a churboy I used to sing a chorus from I think Gounod's "Redemption." "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?" How often the Jewish race must have echoed that cry down the centuries but never more piteously than today.

But by the waters of the Thames the Parliament of England heard it and made its answer.

The Voice of the People

THERE IS something far more awesome in a democracy roused to action than in any dictatorship. In Russia, in Italy and in Germany they have raised one man to the level of a god and in doing so have lowered themselves to the level of slaves. Like prisoners of a chain gang they march to the command of the tyrant they have created from the womb of their own weakness. Their souls are fettered, their minds dragooned, their independence destroyed. To hide the truth from themselves, they march and shout and proclaim the coming of a new era. They have no more influence over their own destinies than a herd of cattle driven by the blows of a stick toward the slaughter house.

Democracy is unruly and confused by much counsel but when it rouses itself it is like the rising of a tide or the coming of a dawn. Nothing can stand against it, for it was no light phrase when those words were spoken: "The voice of the People is the voice of God."

Ten years ago the British Trade Unions challenged the nation with a general strike. The Unions were not revolu

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Drought in Ontario

By HUGH TEMPLIN

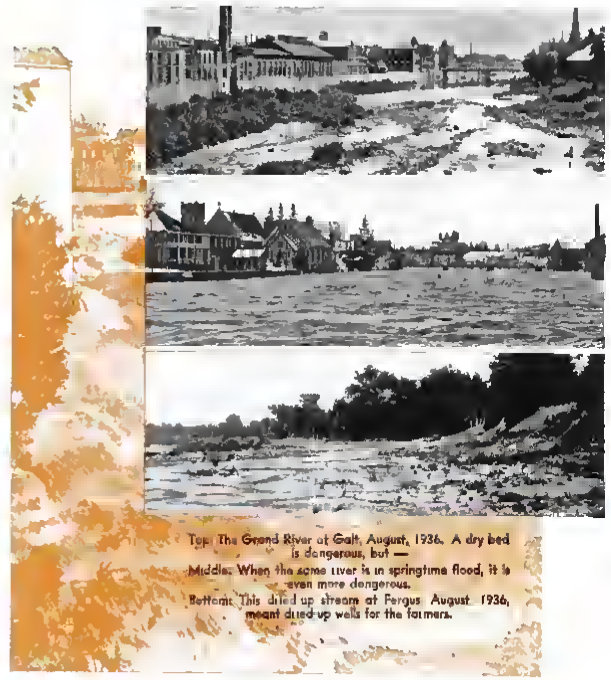
Flooded in spring, dried-out in summer, towns and countryside suffer from man's past profligacy in the forest

LAST SPRING as usual floods in various parts of Ontario provided news for the front pages of the newspapers. Property damage was severe and a few persons were drowned. It seemed then that the province would never be troubled by a lack of water. Its situation is unique, for it is surrounded by lakes and boys cut criss-crossed by large rivers. Every inland city and town seems to have a river running past its door and rain fall is sufficient. The viewpoint of rural dwellers was summed up in the remark of one farmer who said last year: "I've never seen a crop failure in Ontario and I don't suppose I ever will."

But those who have studied the situation in recent years have given warning that a change is taking place in this province just as surely as so other parts of the continent. It was not until the 1936 dry season, however, that the farmers had actual crop losses because of drought conditions. Some towns such as Dundas and Cannville had an acute water famine and drinking water was brought in tanks from other municipalities. In many other towns and cities the use of water was restricted. In the townships wells and springs dried up and farmers drove their cattle to some river or lake.

The acute water shortage in Ontario last year was due in part to insufficient rainfall which affected grain crops particularly. But that was only one of the reasons why the rivers ran low, wells dried up, and the ground water sank lower and lower in the red. The chief reason why there was so little water in the rivers last fall was that there was so much last spring. Floods and drought can be traced to the same sources. They are opposite angles of the same problem.

As a result of increasing spring floods, followed by low water in midsummer, many municipalities, including large industrial centres, face serious difficulties. A diminishing supply in municipal wells has forced cities to secure water from rivers and other surface sources. Sewage disposal problems have become complicated and large sums have been spent for protection against floods. Now some municipalities find themselves at the end of their resources, and they are appealing for Government aid. Although drought conditions are not yet as serious in Ontario as in parts of the prairie provinces, there are responsible authorities who claim that the conservation of water is the most serious problem facing Old Ontario today.



Top: The Grand River at Galt, August, 1936. A dry bed is dangerous, but —

Middle: When the same river is in springtime flood, it is even more dangerous.

Bottom: This dried up stream at Fergus, August, 1936, meant dried-up wells for the farmers.

Grand River Once Navigable

SUPPOSE WE take the Grand River as a typical example of what is happening to all the rivers in the older settled parts of Ontario. We choose the Grand for several reasons. It is the longest and most important inland stream in Southern Ontario. Along its banks are some of the chief industrial centres in Ontario. The profit it follows has been settled for a century or more and the timber has been cleared thoroughly. Too thoroughly, all the farms in its watershed. In no other area in the province is there such a concentration of population except in Toronto and Hamilton and their suburbs. The river gives life to a large district which cannot exist without it. Finally the problems of the Grand River drainage area have been studied more thoroughly than those of other Ontario rivers. Pioneer work has been done along this stream which will prove of value to other drainage areas of the province in the future.

The Grand River rises within twenty-five miles of Georgian Bay on a tableland with an altitude over 1,700 feet above sea level, and it flows southward into Lake Erie at Port Maitland. The river is 180 miles long and drains an area of 2,600 square miles. Scattered along the Grand and its tributaries are the cities of Brantford, Galt, Kitchener and Guelph as well as such important towns as Waterloo, Preston, Hespeler, Fergus, Elora, Paris, Caledonia, Cayuga and Dunnville, all of them industrial centres.

Eighty years ago the Grand was a navigable stream. A fleet of steamboats plied from Buffalo to Brantford, fifty-five miles upstream from Lake Erie. For another seventy-five miles as far as Elora, canoes and rafts carried people and produce. Above that, each spring, logs were floated down to sawmills at Grand Valley, Fergus, Elora and Galt. Square timbers, cut by French-Canadians on the bush during the winter were taken downstream to be loaded on the first railway at Galt. Every city, town and village from Grand Valley to Caledonia owed its location to the fact that the Grand provided ample water power for early industries.

The Grand is no longer navigable, even for a canoe, except in those short stretches where dams or rapids hold back the water. In mid-August, 1936, it was completely dry from Fergus to its source near Dundalk, a distance of fifty miles.

Let us take an imaginary journey down the Grand, beginning at its sources and see the changes that have taken place in the last century and the reasons why the Grand needs one thousand times as much water downstream in flood time as it does in mid-August.

Interference with Nature

THE HIGH plateau on which the Grand River rises is unique in Southwestern Ontario. Stretching some thirty-five miles from north to south, it is almost flat. Dundalk, at its upper edge, is the highest post office in Ontario, 1,708 feet above sea level. Around the margins of the plateau the land falls away rapidly in deep valleys between gravel hills. In these valleys rise many of the rivers of Ontario—the Beaver River flowing toward the north with its famous falls and power development at Eugenia, the Nissy, the Meaford and the Pine Rivers going eastward, the Credit flowing to Lake Ontario near Toronto, the various branches of the Sangeen with its solid water and brook trout, and the Maitland River which, like the Sangeen, finally reaches Lake Huron. They run out from the high land like the spokes of a wheel.

All these rivers which rise on the edges of the tableland are run away from it are still lively lively streams. The Grand River alone flows through the plateau draining it. Once this river was fed by springs and swelled by the water from numerous tamarack and cedar swamps. Now the springs are all dry and most of the swamps have been deliberately burned over and cleared away. The black soil was amazingly rich for the first few years and the land was in great demand some seventy five years ago, but its richness is gone. The light topsoil now varies from four to eighteen inches in thickness with a heavy clay subsoil impervious to moisture. Water lies in flat places on that land for weeks in springtime.

In order to till that soil it became necessary to drain the

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The Blue Ushabti

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE HUMMERS

Another Treadgold detective story—The strange case of the statuette that vanished



"If you'll ask no questions," said Miss Day, "I can get the ushabti back."

FEW CUSTOMERS of Bowl Treadgold & Flank tailors of Savile Row ever get as far as the small and dingy office at the back of the fitting rooms whence under the owl like stare of old Josiah Bowl founder of the business in the early nineteenth century his great grandson Horace Bowl Treadgold directs the fortunes of the firm. As a tailor H.B. as his friends call him asks nothing better than to merge his personality in the family business which is his pride and you would never divine his growing prowess as a criminologist from the surroundings of his working hours. Some ancient examples of military millinery and a faded scarlet tunic in a wall-case, bundles of patterns stacked on a sofa, table, the tray of pins and tailor's flat chalks on the roll-top desk which almost fills the little room remind the visitor that five days a week from ten to six and on Saturdays from ten to one Mr. Treadgold, whose detective powers command the respect of Scotland Yard and Centre Street alike is a tailor and nothing more.

As Mr. Treadgold's legal adviser I have the entry to his sanctum. On it's morning when I walked in on him he was opening his mail—a dignified figure with his grey hair and mustache. Handing me a letter from a tray. "Who's Marcus Webber, George?" he remarked. "He says he's a friend of yours."

"I dropped in to tell you about him," was my reply. "It's Professor Webber, the Egyptologist."

H.B. dandled his head. "Of course. I thought I knew the name."

"He's a great authority. He's been excavating for years. At his house at Roehampton he has one of the best private collections of Egyptian antiquities in the country."

"He seems worried—look, at the way his signature droops. What does he want? His letter merely says he wishes to consult me on an urgent and delicate matter."

"I can't tell you. He tackled me at the club yesterday and he wanted to write to you and might he mention my name."

H.B. glanced at the clock. "He speaks of calling here at eleven. It's that now. You'd better wait and see what he wants."

MARCUS WEBBER is not the type of man I have much use for, especially after playing bridge with him—a pompous fellow with a strident voice and aggressive manner. It was evident he had come prepared to patronize Mr. Treadgold.

"The only reason I've decided to consult you," he told him self-importantly, after I had introduced them to one another, "is because I'm loath to appeal to the ... shem more regular authorities. It must therefore be understood clearly made understood, Mr. Treadgold, that I'm counting on your absolute discretion." He turned a gooseberry eye on me—"yours too, Duckett."

Mr. Treadgold idly stabbing the blotter with his letter opener...said nothing and the professor went on:

"I possess, as you may know, a small but valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities. Mr. Treadgold... in circumstances as mysterious as they are distressing one of the most prized pieces in my collection has disappeared."

H.B. raised his head sharply, he reminded me of an old dog pointing.

"A blue glass ushabti of Thoueris, the hippopotamus-headed goddess," Webber proceeded. "It appears to have been clandestinely abstracted and a replica left in its place."

"A ushabti? that is a small figure isn't it?" Mr. Treadgold questioned.

"A figurine or statuette. Two evenings ago—on Tuesday to be exact. I had some friends to dinner and bridge to meet Professor Larned the American Egyptologist who published that remarkable report on the graffiti of the Nubian rock tombs. I saw a lot of him in Egypt last winter. My collection is housed in a museum specially built onto my house at Roehampton and after dinner I took Larned and the rest of my guests to see it. We were there, for perhaps an hour and then went to the drawing-room for our bridge. It's my habit to work in the museum with my secretary in the mornings—I'm writing a book on the scarabs of the Eighteenth Dynasty—and yesterday morning by pure chance I went to the case where the ushabti stands to get out a certain scarab I wanted to describe. I perceived immediately that the ushabti was not the original...it was a replica."

"The original's valuable, I suppose?"

The professor seemed to explode. "It's unique, my dear sir! It's from the tomb of Queen Ty. For color and design it's unequalled—an exquisite thing. It's no more than six inches high but it gave me more satisfaction than almost any other piece in my collection."

"What's it actually worth?"

He spread his hands. "That's hard to say. Personally I wouldn't take two thousand pounds for it—it's insured for a thousand. Any dealer I imagine, would buy it blind for three or four hundred pounds."

"The collection's insured, then?"

"For sixty thousand pounds."

Mr. Treadgold whistled. "Then the ushabti wasn't the most valuable piece I take it?"

"In actual value, no. Some of the jewellery I have is worth a great deal more, for instance. But I'm not concerned with the cash value. I want my ushabti back. Otherwise I could go to the insurance company. But they'll insist on my calling in the police. And that I'm resolved not to do, I should prefer to give the thief a chance to make restitution."

"And if you can't discover the thief?"

Webber was a fat man and his sigh was like air escaping from a cushion. "Then I must take my loss. The facts must not come out."

"Why not?"

"Because I should be the laughingstock of all my colleagues. You see, I was instrumental in giving the thief his chance to effect this substitution."

Mr. Treadgold leaned back in his chair. "Don't you think you'd better explain?"

WITH A PLUMP hand the professor nervously pawed his thinning hair. "I bought this ushabti in Egypt two winters ago from a leading Luxor dealer. In the Cabinet above, Luxor lives an exceedingly adept forger of Egyptian antiquities. In an idle moment I let this fellow make me a copy of the ushabti. It stood on an open shelf over my desk in the museum. The first thing I did on discovering the substitution was to go to the shelf where the copy stood. It had vanished."

"Have you any idea how the substitution was carried out?"

The fat man sighed again. "It's only too evident unfortunately. Going round the collection I showed Larned the ushabti and I suppose rhapsodized about it a bit—at any rate he asked permission to take it out of the case. I opened the case—"

"Are the cases usually kept locked?"

"Always. There's only one key, a master key to all the cases and the room as well and it never leaves me." He drew a key ring from his pocket and showed on a bunch of keys attached to it a small gilt key. "The ushabti passed from hand to hand and when it eventually came back to me I restored it to its place and locked the case again."

"And so far as you know the case remained locked until the next morning when you went to it?"

"Absolutely."

"Then instead of the original, you were obviously handed the replica to return to the case?"

He spread his hands. "I suppose so. And yet I can't think how I failed to detect it. The copy is remarkably faithful but it'll never deceive an expert—not at close quarters at any rate."

"Do you remember who handed the ushabti back to you?"

He shook his head dolefully. "I'm afraid I don't. There was such a crowd of us laughing and talking."

"Do you suspect anyone in particular?"

With a haggard air our visitor ruffled his hair. "Yes and no. Suppose I tell you about my guests. We were nine including my wife—two tables of bridge. Mrs. Webber doesn't play. The party consisted of Professor Larned, Colonel and Mrs. Allerton, neighbors of ours at Roehampton, Charles Cavander, the art dealer and a friend of his Mrs. Fleming, young Bewlish who was out with me as draughtsman on my last expedition, and my secretary, Mercia Day, who lives in the house."

"All old friends were they?"

"Mrs. Fleming had not been to the house before, Cavander brought her."

"What type of person is she?"

"Pretty and frivolous a social butterfly." Mr. Treadgold winced at the hornicle. "She's living apart from her husband. I'm told that Cavander wants to marry her. I should explain that I don't know Cavander very well. He consults me sometimes in matters appertaining to Egyptian art."

Had he liable to appreciate the merits of the ushabti would in he?"

Webber cast him an admiring glance. "Oh definitely. But no would Bewlish—Bewlish never sure so. He's been working at Egyptology ever since he was at Oxford."

"That gives us three of the party then with what you might call a professional interest in the ushabti—Cavander, Bewlish and, of course, Professor Larned?"

Webber looked shocked. "You can leave Larned out of it. He's an eminent savant, a most high minded man. Besides, he has ample private means."

"What about this secretary of yours?"

"Miss Day? She's as good an Egyptologist as any of us. She's been with me for six years and has accompanied me on all my expeditions."

"That adds a fourth to our list." Pensively Mr. Treadgold nibbled his thumb. "How many of you knew about this replica?"

THE PROFESSOR started. "By my soul I never thought of that. A shrewd question, my dear sir, and easily answered. Besides myself only Bewlish and Mercia Day. They were with me that day at Luxor when I ordered the copy and as a matter of fact Bewlish helped Miss Day and me to unpack it with the rest of my acquisitions when we got back to London."

"Then it looks as if our suspicions narrow down to one of these two?"

"I had already arrived at this conclusion," said Webber pedantically. "On the one hand, Miss Day is in and out of the museum all the time—she'd have ample opportunity for planning a coup of this description. On the other she and Bewlish are as thick as thieves, and I've an idea that the young man is in money trouble. Between ourselves...his bank called him on the telephone when he was at my house the other morning and from what I happened to overhear I gathered they were pressing him about some bill that was falling due."

"Does Bewlish work in the museum too?"

"Not regularly. When I'm home I employ him on occasional research work at the British Museum or the Bodleian and he often drops in to see me. He has a few hundreds a year of his own, I understand, but even with what I pay him I imagine he lives well above his income. Smart clothes, a sports car." He paused and added acidly, "A good draughtsman but uppish."

"Have you spoken of this business to anybody except ourselves?"

"Not to a living soul. My hope was that you'd evolve some means of inducing the thief to replace the ushabti on the belief that the fraud had not been remarked."

Mr. Treadgold nodded. "That would certainly seem to be the wisest course in the circumstances. You didn't mention the loss in your secretary?"

With this idea in mind I carefully refrained from doing so. She was not in the museum when I detected the substitution and unless she is the delinquent it's highly improbable that she'll notice it. I left the replica *in situ* and from the outside of the case you'd scarcely know it from the genuine ushabti."

"Did you tell your wife?"

The pudgy face assumed a contemptuous expression. "I tell my wife nothing on principle."

"Did you handle the replica?"

The professor smiled coquettishly. "I may not be a criminologist, even an amateur one, Mr. Treadgold, but my reason informs me that there's a good chance of the thief's fingerprints, as well as, of course, my own being found upon the false ushabti. And that reminds me." Through the head offices of one of the most important communications, I had my fingerprints taken at Scotland Yard this morning. You will require them, I believe, if you are to isolate the thief's on the replica." He drew a sheet of paper from his pocket and laid it on the desk.

"You think of everything," said Mr. Treadgold, not without a certain dryness. "Could I visit the museum with Mr. Duckett say at about half-past six this evening?"

"The sooner the better."

If you'll pardon the observation, George, Mr. Treadgold remarked when the professor had left us, "a thoroughly objectionable fellow. He mistrusts his secretary, despises his wife, and eavesdrops on people's private conversations. It must be a positive pleasure to rob him. He glanced at his watch. "I think I shall devote my lunch hour to a flying trip to the British Museum."

I laughed. "Do you really imagine that paddling round a lot of mummies is going to tell you who pinched old Webber's ushabti?"

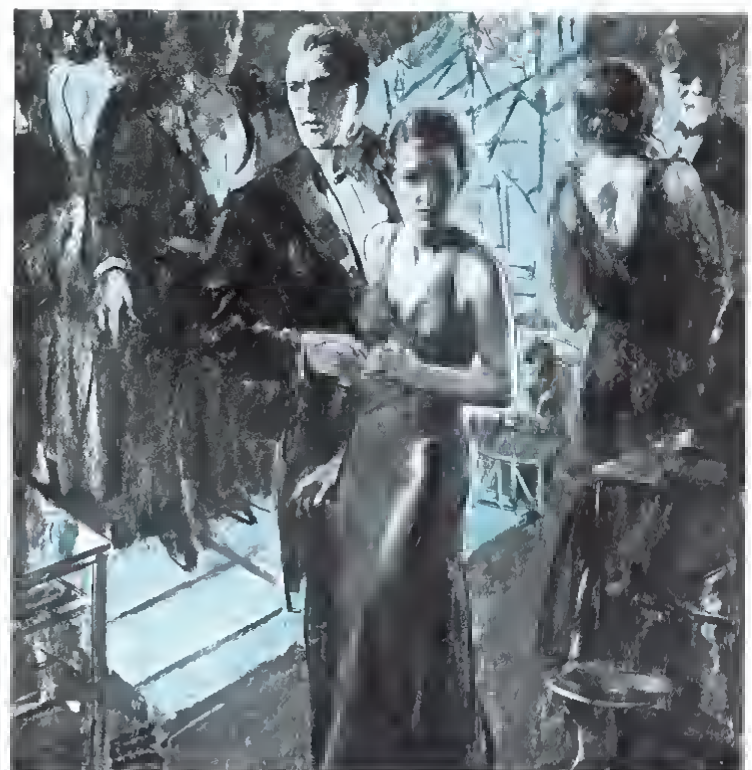
He smiled sedately. "I like to equip myself before tackling an unfamiliar subject. Besides, aren't we told that the desire for knowledge like the thirst for riches increases ever with the acquisition of it?"

When old H.B. pops out with a tag, you may be sure it comes from "Tristram Shandy," a work from which he is in the habit of culling maxims to suit any situation.

"Between you and the professor I've had all the culture I can stand for one morning," I told him brutally. "But I'll go with you to Roehampton this evening if you like."

THE MUSEUM at Karnak Lodge, as the professor's house was called was a spacious place lined with glass cases and permeated with the faintly sweet aroma peculiar to mummies.

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There was a squeak of excitement and then the lights came on again. "Well, I never knew that to happen before," said Webber.

IS THE SCHOOL-MARM A MENACE?

Reply TO MR. WOOLLACOTT

By A Woman Schoolteacher



The author of this article is a class-room teacher in a Toronto school. Her identity is concealed for obvious reasons. The Editor

A COUPLE of weeks ago a gentleman named Woollacott exploded with a loud pop in these pages and a brand-new bang right to the core of current political and economic distress directly on women schoolteachers. Having recently been professed to see a composite picture in which women teachers appear as immature exceedingly young poorly trained uncultured, inexperienced girls shirking housework for the easy hours and big pay of teaching—girls who are really looking for a husband and are loath to accept responsibilities or study for their job one minute longer than the law requires.

Teachers for long years have been such handy targets for abuse that we feel Misanthrope Woollacott's inept fling provides a timely opportunity to disclose a few of the actual facts.

To begin with Mr Woollacott's "young girls" are mature several years before their male colleagues. They are equally trained and generally more experienced in handling children because most of them have shouldered the responsibility of supervising their younger brothers and sisters in the home. They may indeed lack something of that trade "cultural" background derived from surreptitious exploits in bark alleys and lumberyards. To compensate for this deficiency however supplementary courses on teaching study are attended by far more women than men, and there are figures to prove it.

Sociologist Woollacott declaims that the girl rushes after the sinecure of a teacher's berth because she hates house work because of the salary and prestige and also because "it gives her a greater chance to land an eligible mate a cut above the village swain." She could become a nurse—he amplifies—"but the hours in that profession are long and the work messy or she could become a stenographer and submit to a barrage of male opportunities. In teaching the hours are short there is more independence and a better salary and the average male principal or supervisor is always susceptible to a well-directed feminine wile."

Even the dullard will realize that girls in general don't hate housework. They leave home to make a living only where their service there is superfluous. The relatively small number who embark on the exacting study for a teaching career are impelled by an innate desire to develop and educate children a desire that is fundamentally more natural to them than it is to men.

A girl can launch herself in the commercial world after a few weeks of work at a business course and subsequently earn as she learns. The lowliest prospective girl teacher on the contrary must graduate from high school and then spend steadily equally with men in a prescribed course at normal school after which she usually serves a disheartening apprenticeship on the brat busted occasional staff. She presently and virtually becomes a sort of housekeeper all day long for half a hundred ill assorted children. What mother would like the job? Most indeed breathe a sigh of relief when their own two offspring alarm the front door schoolward bound.

The nurse's hours are long but few of them are messy many hours are reposeful like the quiet vigil of a sentry. The woman teacher however is under a continual nervous tension most of the waking day and still has multifarious duties to perform after class dismissal. Often as not she is on duty Sundays when she is expected to conduct a Sunday-school class also in the evenings when she is harassed by telephone calls from flattery mothers about young Elmer's migraine and how he has really been high strung ever since his father banged his head on the stove-pipe in the cellar. Many mothers pester the decent type of teachers, in the hope that their children will receive special attention. The lucky nurse or business girl on the other hand in no matter how irascible her employer, checks out at a regular hour to become her own boss.

IF THE ability of women teachers really were questionable it would mean either that there is some collapse of official supervision or that the demand for them far outweighs the supply. This brings us to the much vaunted ogre. Beaten down by persistent mob of ratepayers the average teacher's ten annual pay cheques, when spread over a full year represent a very modest stipend particularly when one considers the responsibilities of her position, the amount of detail that is thrust upon her her extra-mural chores and the sacrifices she must make before the bogy of public opinion. Advancement in teaching is a long-slow process, with a very limited zenith. This is precisely why low intelligent, ambitious men make it their life objective.

At some time in his youth Sage Woollacott must have left a great respect for his women teachers, since he now accuses girls of being moon-struck with the "prestige" surrounding this profession. As a matter of fact teachers nowadays really have *no* prestige except in backward communities, where they are usually regarded as something lofty inhuman. In civilized centres the teachers position is generally understood. They are neither priests nor sinners. Throughout the world they have been made the butt of endless jokes.

Psychologist Woollacott proceeds to deduce that girls enter the teaching profession largely to retain down a high class mate. If this were so it is the poorest hunting ground in the world because here girls have less opportunity to meet eligible males than in any other profession. The average man teacher in the long crawl to principalship is usually long since married. the women teachers too fully appreciate the economic struggle of their male colleagues on the way up, to reach blindly for romance and security in that direction.

But it seems that the women contrive to become engaged somehow—to the demoralization of their pupils who think it's a joke, and to the loss of the Government's investment in their training. The first suggestion is a very rural commentary on a teacher's goldfish mode of life and as to the other one can see that her remuneration is correspondingly calculated upon these expected conditions and is sometimes several hundred dollars a year below that of a man of similar experience. What the casual observer may not realize is that these women have now been specially trained to rear their own children in intelligent fashion to the ultimate good of the country as a whole.

Mr Woollacott says that women teachers do not understand growing boys that they are resented as unsympathetic and are suspected of a duplicity that "is inherent in women as an evolutionary residue." The rebellious boy who expects to deceive the teacher because she is a woman is dumbly surprised to find that only too well does she understand his male psychology and *his* duplicity and quickly takes him to task. It would be absurd to think that after the first few—the really formative—years of a boy's life under his mother's supervision and tender care the subsequent influence of a woman teacher during only one fourth of about 200 days a year should bring about a national demoralization of youth.

Statistician Woollacott lives in his only figures to say that criminals and racketeers cost the United States thirteen billion dollars a year and make off with a proportionate loot in Canada. He actually dares to add: "In the last analysis, the causes of increasing crime will undoubtedly be found in our school system with its preponderance of young girls."

Any citizen entitled to the name realizes that children are molded by heredity and environment. Criminal instincts are born in them or rise they are fostered by unhealthy conditions of home life and social contacts. The teacher receives the child only after its character has crystallized and sees so little of it during the few years of school that she has only time for such discipline as is necessary to try to teach it to think for itself. This is the teacher's real purpose and her efforts very often are nullified when the child returns to a slatternly home.

Now-grown Mr Woollacott male teachers have a more realistic conception of life. they don't chase after fashions society and wealth via the classroom route. He claims that the men taught children would be more rugged and individualistic and that they would be in a better position to cope with economic and social change. To clinch his

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...of Mr. Bennett deffr h r ormon.

Backstage at Ottawa

By A POLITICIAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

SANTA CLAUS having sung the sweetest cash register symphony that Canada has heard in five years, Parliament will meet more tranquilly than since Mr Bennett came out of the West to banish unemployment or perish. Yet the session will be interesting may even have its drama.

There will be to begin with the old ghost of defense. Spews of twenty-four winters have gone from Parliament Hill since Laurier and Pugsley, in bitter opposition to the Borden naval bill kept the Commons in session 138 hours at a stretch. There are those who predict that the passions of those years will be stirred again old controversies and old war cries revived.

Already there are rumblings omens of a storm. Curiously enough the first rumblings come not from a Liberal Party in solid array against a Tory defense policy but from within the Liberal citadel itself.

Outwardly all seems peaceful. But if what the inner voices tell be true there is disquiet in the Cabinet sharp cleavage in views. On the one side it is told are Prime Minister King and Defense Minister Ian Mackenzie on the other side Ministers Dunning Crerar Gardiner, Carlin Howe. The last group against increased outlays for defense.

They once called Mackenzie King the "little rebel." It is the little rebel today who wants Canada to do something about warships and war planes and forts. The little rebel and Scot Mackenzie.

Cynics, of course suspect the convert. Mr King they say thinks of the Coronation of his arrival in London when New Zealand and Australia will be there with gifts of the part he would play next May at the Guildhall with a defense policy under his arm. Rebels have thought of such things before.

Mr Dunning Mr Crerar Mr Gardiner and the rest of them won't be going to the Coronation or if they be going will be far back in the procession. So—say the cynics—they are thinking of something else. They are thinking possibly of what voters out on the prairies and in Quebec's parishes will say of a Liberal Party going in for planes and warships and guns. War planes and guns that mean taxes.

The realists, or some of them have their answer. It is that Mr King backing up Mr Mackenzie the oft kilted Highlander who wants defense estimates, may be the better politician after all. Quebec—Quebec doesn't loom so large in Mr King's eyes as in the brave days of old. Mr Duplessis is long there in Union Nationale holds the field, and neither Mr Duplessis nor the Union Nationale loves Mr King. And so with the prairies. There is Mr Aberhart, and there are other things and Mr King surveys them all dreaming before his Kingsmere fire those sixty-seven Liberal seats in Old Ontario must seem good. A defense policy won't hurt those.

Then there is Mr Bennett. Mr King and some of his Ministers were in London this summer came home with Anthony Eden hats. But Mr Bennett has been in London this winter ate his Christmas dinner there. What if fresh from the country houses and the Carlton Club and what not he came home with a defense policy of his own? Defense to Mr Bennett is not a policy it is an emotion. What if he returned home to sound a clarion call of Empire safety to strap Mr King of everything except what would seem belated and puny? To fight the fires of patriotism in Ontario, leaving Mr King with nothing but Mr Duplessis in Quebec and Mr Aberhart in Alberta? Mr King no mean tactician may be thinking of that. Spiking the guns of the enemy is fairly good strategy.



The Old Guard doesn't like Herridge

Who'll Succeed Mr. Bennett?

CONSERVATIVES, meanwhile have their own troubles. They too worry over Mr Bennett. Worry over his future. In backstage circles it is told that with Parliament met he will call a caucus of his followers, announce his impending retirement.

That if it comes, will create more confusion than consternation. Mr Bennett is respected by all admired by many. But while there is general acknowledgment of his talents, there is nevertheless a much deeper feeling that they are not the sort of talents his Party presently needs. What the Grand Old Party wants or what its Chair of Staff think it wants, is not a statesman but a politician—somebody who by his instinct for what the public wants or for what it thinks it wants, can lead the Party out of the wilderness. Mr Bennett by common consent lacks this instinct. He has no flair for public relations, for publicity for propaganda...lacks the common touch.

So the signs are (they may change of course) that if Mr Bennett tells his Party that his armor is coming off his Party will make appropriate acknowledgment of his services let the armor come off.

What then? No sustaining Moses, for the moment, appears on the Tory desert. There is of course, Mr Meighen. Most brilliant swordsman of them all—a veteran of past wars Toryism might be expected to pray for him. Yet it doesn't. The legend has grown up about Meighen that he is cold, lacks magnetism that he doesn't command votes. Parties are like that. Time was when Meighen was the darling of Toryism, when its rank and file swore they would never desert him. Two defeats made a difference. It was Meighen himself who once wrote perhaps bitterly: "When the third day and the last arrive there are many who quickly forget." Toryism should at least, should they Meighen. Yet it isn't likely to.

There is Mr. W. D. Herridge, "Bill" Herridge, soldier lawyer, former Minister Plenipotentiary to Washington, the man who according to one wit, gave up law to practice brother-in-law (he married Mr. Bennett's brilliant sister) as no mean consequence. He is a student has courage imagination, an audacity not without value in politics. Yet the Old Guard doesn't like him. It doesn't like his streamlined economics fears his free-wheeling politics. They tell about him that he talks too much like Mr. Roosevelt's Rex Tugwell. They tell about him too, that he wasn't christened to the first place in the right temple. That he is too fresh from his friendship with Mr. King that he presumes too much for a convert.

Bill Herridge one imagines doesn't much care. Unsure in his character alternately charming and grandly there is a spirit of adventure about him almost a spirit of mischief. When last month he went to the Toronto Canadian Club to preach his new gospel his assignment wasn't easy. He had been blamed for Bennett's radio speeches. The hierarchy of the party hoped he was there to recant. He couldn't be so perverse as not to. Wasn't he looking for the leadership?

Herridge was perverse. The hierarchy of the party were all at the head table. Flatulle White Meighen. It took courage to stand and preach the New Deal there.

Bill Herridge did it with great gusto. The eloquent silence the long faces—nothing mattered. It didn't matter even when the punishment over the hierarchy wrapped their garments about them, refused to touch pitch silently stole away. Herridge could enjoy that.

Magnificent, it wasn't war. Not the sort of war at any rate that was in Tory leadership. Yet Herridge had probably shown the Old Guard the ground it must fight on. There is no other ground. All the Conservative battle fields have been pre-empted by Mr. King.

Rich Leader Not Wanted

AND IF NOT Mr Herridge or Mr Meighen then who? There is General McRae. Bennett's rival of 1918 when Bennett was victorious. Yet he has any disqualification it is rather mirth. He is rich. Time was when a Party—and especially the Tory Party—courted a rich leader. But not now. Rich leaders men who finance candidates—are liable to be troublesome. To be dictatorial. To pick out the man who pays the piper calls the tune. It was that way with Mr Bennett. Which is bad for the general.

There is Nova Scotia's Mr Harrington. Able experienced radical without being ultra radical Harrington has his points. In any party caucus or convention his name and record would count. And the Party could go further and fare worse.

All of this of course, may be but idle talk. Mr Bennett unpredictable may keep his armor on. He has changed his mind before. "Bennett's armor" said a cynical Tory the other day, "is shiny from his putting it off...only to put it on again." We shall see.

Conservatives, meanwhile, have other troubles. The newspapers. From Halifax to Vancouver there is no longer a Tory newspaper. Not Tory in the party sense. In Halifax the *Herald* controlled by Senator Dennis flirts with Liberal Premier Macdonald has its own ideas. In Saint John the *Telegraph-Journal*, controlled by financiers is strictly neutral. In Montreal Lord Atholstan's Montreal *Star* and Senator White's *Gazette* have been seen often walking out with the Liberals. In Ottawa, F. D. Ross

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CARTOONS BY GRASSICK



King and Mackenzie—...want warships and war planes.



"You can buy yourself off. They'll shoot you dead and hang you up for the buzzards if you don't," said Easter. "I'll see Don Ricardo in hell first," said Seabold

MAX BRAND'S

Exciting Adventure Serial

A SEABOLD FIGHTS

Revolution! Arrest! Escape!
And General Easter does the unexpected

The story: In order to please his elderly cousin who heads The Seabold Fruit Company young Joseph Seabold goes to the Republic of San Esteban where the company owns a vast quantity of bananas.

He finds that Don Ricardo Rodriguez, President of the Republic was placed in power by his cousin. That Robertson, the company manager, is too old to carry on vigorously. That Montero of the Universal Fruit Company is an unscrupulous business rival that General Jack Easter helped his cousin establish the present political regime. That his cousin known here as the Admiral is a cultured hero. That Mary Cosgrave is his enemy because she thinks that his cousin betrayed her uncle.

Ignorant of local customs, Joseph offends nearly everyone particularly General Jack Easter when he does not immediately accede to the latter's request for $5,000. Later he tries to rectify this mistake but the general will not now accept. He states that in order to uphold his dignity he must become Joseph's enemy.

A revolution headed by one General Hurtado breaks out in country and President Rodriguez demands $600,000 from Joseph in order to fight it offering in return a clear title to the extensive banana lands which the Seabold company holds. By way of proving to Joseph that all things exist, the President arrests Montero and Easter on a charge of aiding the rebels and although Joseph suggests bribery he pays Rodriguez the amount demanded. His suspicion is proved to have been justified. The San Esteban Congress turns against him and favors the Universal Fruit Company. Montero and Easter are released. Joseph learns that he is looked upon generally and particularly by Mary Cosgrave as a fool and a weakling.

Though implied in quiet such treacherous enmity Joseph decides to stay. He suggests to General Easter that both of them should join Hurtado's revolution and the general declines.

President Rodriguez tells Easter that Joseph must be removed in some diplomatic manner. He suggests that Easter make a prisoner of him give him a chance to escape then shoot him in the back. The doughty general is not shocked. He considers for a moment then replies: "I'll do. I've shot rabbits before this."

SEABOLD rode home, under the dim tropical stars which faintly pricked their way through the continually rising haze mist. He put up the mule in the stable, looked down the line of stalls at the lifted heads of the saddle animals and went back into the big house. Robertson was there, writing busily in the library with a stub-nosed automatic lying on the table before him. He made a move of the hand toward the gun when he was aware of Seabold. Afterward he sat back in his chair to look the young man over carefully.

"So you've done it... have you?" asked little Robertson.

"Done what?" asked Seabold.

"Whatever you were after."

"Can you catch a train out of San Esteban City tonight?"

"There's one leaving in half an hour," answered Robertson. "But what were you—"

"Catch the train, will you?" asked Seabold. "You can do it if you hurry. On the way drop a wire by code at the station. Wire to the head office in New York. Tell them to get money to Rio Negro on the jump. All the money they can get together. It ought to be a hundred thousand or so, even after the chunk that Don Ricardo jammed out of me this morning. Then you pick up that money and come overland with it to Hurtado."

"Hurtado?" cried Robertson.

"You're going to tell me that Hurtado is the oldest enemy of the Seabolds. I don't need to hear that again, because I'm joining him."

"Join Hurtado?"

"You'll be late for that train. Will you start? Good-by and good luck!"

But Hurtado—

"Good-by!" called Seabold and waved Carpenter Robertson out of the room.

HE RANGED through the rooms of the lower floor with a flashlight and an automatic to make sure that no salt-footed thief was already in the place for the talk had been that the Seabold house would be looted by the mob, now that the face of the President of the Republic was turned against the company. He found the big chambers empty with an air of waiting. He even went to some of the windows and flashed the cone from the electric torch over the paths and among the trees of the garden. The rain had been dried from the leaves long before this; but the rankness of the growth varnished the foliage with a new brightness. Nothing lurked outside as far as he could tell; yet constantly he kept with him the sense that the house was besieged, or that the darkness was a living water.

When he reached the kitchen and pantries, he remembered suddenly that his departure might take the form of flight and that he might need food. With that he made ready a pack into which he put the necessities. For food he wrapped up some rice, bacon, coffee. Other matters he got from the second floor of the house: such as a good quantity of mosquito netting, field glasses, a miniature camera, the ground of linseed as he added this), an emergency surgical kit not too big to drop into a pocket—a shaving kit and toothbrush. This entire pack was very small and light. From the gunroom he got a 30-30 rifle with ammunition for that gun and for the super-automatic pistol which he already was carrying. Afterward he made the pack snug in his room and got himself into waterproof clothes. Then he went down to the library because he preferred sleeping out the rest of the night in that room to going up to the dank sheets of his bed with its ghastly breath of mosquito netting wavering above.

He pulled a book on Mexico from the shelves and settled into a chair with it. When he opened it he found on the flyleaf: "From Porfirio Diaz to a great leader of brave men. Ronald Seabold. 1903."

That was thirty-three years before with Diaz still entrenched in men, power than any President of Mexico ever had held before or since; and that note from man to man meant a great deal more than the words conveyed.

He lowered the book into his lap and stared into the corners of the dim room because he felt his blood rising and something working in his throat which was happiness, or absurdly like happiness. There was strength in him also, and a certainty that he was capable of action that had not been in him before. It was from the moment when he had lost everything that he had felt that warm inward current begin to flow. A pack had been stripped from his back and now perhaps he could lift his own weight and something in addition.

He passed into a dream of old Mexico, and the Admiral received in state by the President of the Republic with guns booming and flags in the wind and music and cheering. That essence of glory was still stirring his blood when something wakened him like a dash of ice water across his breast. Footfalls were coming toward the front of the house, then spreading out to either side of the door. Out on the patio he heard small jingings of metal such as spurs would make a door groaned open, people were coming down the halls lightening their steps. A door slammed. The boom rolled through the house with many echoes, but Seabold remained quietly in his chair. He merely pulled it around a little so that a table was before him—a thing that would cover the automatic he held in his lap—because it was not proper that the heir of the Admiral should meet out challenges to people entering his house. It was better that he should be discovered in this manner in the quiet dignity of the library.

The footfalls converged from two directions upon the door which opened upon the hallway. The electric light was out in there. The figures of the men were clothed with dingy shadow with bits of metal sparkling out from crossed bandoleers, machete hilts, rifle barrels. Their hats were so big that it was wonderful that so many heads could pack together in such a small space.

Then a young officer stepped through the doorway, all bright and new. He unfurled himself like a flag with the drawing of his big sword, but the thing that motored was the aristocrat which was couched at his hip in the other hand.

"Senor Seabold!" he shouted. "I arrest you in the name of the Republic. Show me your empty hands, senor."

"Here, my lad," said the voice of General Easter from the background. "We don't need all that sword waving. Stand aside, friends!"

The heart of Seabold enlarged with relief as he listened. Jack Easter came through the doorway in battered old campaign clothes. The holster at his right hip was rubbed to the yellow of the leather.

He said: "Seabold, stand up and show us a pair of empty hands, will you?"

Seabold rose slowly, because he had to slip his gun onto the seat of the chair. He made a gesture with his hands and smiled at Easter. The general nodding his head over his shoulder said: "I'll take care of this fellow. The house is yours, my lads. Fill your pockets!"

Then he kicked the door shut behind him and came across the room. A score of voices raised in the hallway a yell that spread like quicksilver through the entire mansion. The eyes of Seabold rolled to follow the noise.

"Stand out here," said Easter, "where I can see you—"

SEABOLD obeyed, rounding the corner of the table. The pale bright eyes of the general flickered slowly over him.

"You've got something of the look," stated Easter. "The same damned scrawniness anyway, but he was tough as leather when they tried to pull him apart. How tough are you, Joseph?"

"I don't know," said Seabold.

"The orders are an arrest," said the general, "and you're shot down when you try to escape. Ever hear that story before?"

"I've heard it before," nodded Seabold.

"There's one other thing you can do. Come safely with me to Don Ricardo. Promise him to raise every dollar you can find in the world and pass the stuff into his pockets. I'll see that he accepts the offer. You can buy yourself off that way."

Seabold licked the dryness of his lips. He looked back to the chair where the automatic lay.

He shook his head.

"Don't be a damned fool," said the general. "I'm not losing you. I'm telling you about your only chance. Don Ricardo's afraid that you might take your pocketbook to Hurtado."

"You told him about my idea?" asked Seabold.

"No matter what put the idea into his head. It's there. It's your life that I'm betting to you about, my lad."

"It's no good," said Seabold. "I won't do it."

"Don't stand there braying at me like a jackass," said the general. "You would. They'll shoot you dead and hang you up for the buzzards if you don't. The buzzards begin at the eyes, Joseph. Do you come along with me?"

"I'll see Don Ricardo in hell first," said Seabold.

He kept looking from the pale angry eyes of the general to the well-rubbed leather of the holster on his right hip.

"No brains at all, eh?" said the general. "Just a plain fool?"

"That's all," said Seabold.

Jack Easter sighed. "All right then. I hoped you wouldn't be worth it, but the cut Merigny was right about his nervous men. How do we get out of here, the two of us? The Admiral used to have a canoe with a light outboard motor in it down in the boathouse. Is it still there?"

"I don't know. What are you talking about—the two of us?"

Easter looked up toward the noise of dragging and wood-splintering that came from the room above them. other footfalls stamped and voices shouted through the farthest reaches of the house.

"What have you got in that corpuulin?" asked Easter.

"Some food — some ammunition — medicine kit."

"Then you have a drop of the Admiral in you," cried Easter. "And one flash of his blood is worth more to me than all the banana farms of San Esteban distilled into Pacific and diamonds. Come on with me, Joseph. These dogs of mine they'll be a while cracking the bone that I've thrown 'em before they're sure of all the marrow. Ha! I'm ten years younger! Through the window, wings. It's only a step to the ground."

THE UPROAR from the house was far greater when they were outside then when they were enclosed by the two. The yells, the crashings, the frantic bits of song rang from the attic to the cellar of the big house. The general paused to look back once toward the place, then he hurried down the path toward the lake.

There were three sliding doors opening in front of three sets of ways that slid down into the water, each of the doors was heavily padlocked.

"The keys?" asked Easter.

"I've never seen them," said Seabold.

"You'll learn," said Easter. "When you start a fight, pick out the high ground."

After that bit of enigma he smashed a padlock with a bullet from his automatic and they pushed the door open.

"Flashlight?" asked Easter.

Here said Seabold and snapped it on. The light wavered to the right over a number of motor boats, big and small, and there was one lilty low cruiser that loomed like a yacht. But what Easter went toward was the narrow grace of a canoe with an outboard motor clamped to one end.

"There's a boat already down at the dock," said Seabold. "I was out in it this evening. A twenty footer that will do fifteen knots or more."

"How can we portage it around the falls?" demanded Easter. "Take hold!"

They sprayed the canoe out to the edge of the water. When they sounded the gasoline tank, it was found empty. Seabold went back on the run, remembering the stacked yellow cans in the side of the boathouse. He was still within when he heard voices singing out from the house of the Admiral.

Easter said at the open door: "Quick, Joe! They've missed us! Paddle out. We'll pour in the gas when we're away. Are you a hand at paddling?"

Never used one in my life," answered Seabold.

"How were you raised?" asked the general calmly. "Take the place in the bow. Step to the middle when you get in. A canoe is like a silly girl. Pretty but needs handling. Steady!"

Footfalls were running down the path from the house. Somewhere in the background, rifle shots rang like sledge hammers on anvils. They were shooting at shadows perhaps. Splintered rays and waverings of light played through the trees from the pocket torches and skidded far out into the dimness of the lake. The canoe lurched forward with a long thrust as rose dipping down under the weight of Seabold until Easter stepped in and righted it.

"Paddle, softly, don't even let the blade drip!" ordered Easter.

Seabold worked obediently. He fell from behind the powerful silent impulses of Easter. He got the rhythm and held to it. The canoe sliding lightly but stalking as in black tar at the end of every stroke.

Voices came howling across the water. Light streamed like shining oil on the lake, flicked away, came again, steadied on the canoe.

Quien vive? shouted a challenging chorus.

Damn them, they've found us!" said the general. "Make for the reeds, Joe!"

Quien vive? yelled the voices out of the thin distance. Something slapped over the water past Seabold, the gun report, like a handclap, followed. Then humming insects

"I've a mind to stop him down with a bullet," growled Easter



Illustrated by RALPH FALLEN COLEMAN

sang in the air The tall reeds looking black and solid as the shore were immediately before them when the voice of Easter bellowed suddenly "Hurtado! Hurtado *ewe! Viva* Hurtado!"

Then the papery rustling of the reeds closed around them

"I'm a fool" explained Easter "But why not tell them what they're hunting? It's a poor fox that won't show its brush when the hounds take after it"

Seabold was already working with hand and flashlight to draw the top plug from the gasoline tank Easter held the opened tin and sent the stream gurgling into the tank The little boat wavered in a steady rhythm from side to side with the light from the torch sliding up and down the narrow lanes of the reeds.

They filled the small tank with a single can Easter taking the light ahead of them

"We can push through to the open water" he said "I'll we start up the propeller here, we'll foul in the reeds Steady yourself now Keep on your knees!"

THE REEDS gave building to the paddle blades so that the canoe moved rapidly ahead and Seabold heard the general sing a snatch of an Iroquois old Mountain song

There the reeds parted and with the same impulse they shot well out into the flat water Something rattled out of the distance That was the exhaust of a motor boat Easter was spinning the starter with the cord swearing a little rhythm to it again It coughed sputtered began to roar in a moment they were rushing through the blank of the lake pulling out the last stars with their bow wave Easter called him back into the middle of the boat so that the prow might lift This small waves sparkled the bottom of the craft as the head of it raised but then speed was greater

"Listen to the thing roar!" said Easter "Here we are running like the devil and telling them which way we go! Do you see any Joe?"

They could not be sure they could not even be heard on account of the uproar of the outboard motor Something low and black snaked up all them from the right They went by a little island still gathering speed and rounded the nose of it into a wind Easter sang out to Seabold to get forward into the bow again to keep the nose of the boat down to lessen the resistance to the wind They seemed to be going much more swiftly with the craft on an even keel

Which way?" called harsh Seabold

For the canal strait and portage it," yelled the general "That's more than they can do with their lumberwagon"

Seabold could hear the water already at the lower end of the lake It had a sound of wind through trees

Ah ha! called the general "They're coming Joe!

A small shadow detached itself from the blackness of the island which they had just left behind Then the arching brightness of the bow waves was just visible as the motorboat headed straight for them.

Are you anything with a rifle?" called Easter

No good"

Hand it back to me. I may be able to give them a link in the bows"

He kneeled in the sharp stern with the killer between his legs Sitting back on his heels he fired snapped out the shell fired again Little lights winked on the motorboat the brief sharp wasp-sounds darted near the head of Seabold and he ducked to every one of them When he glanced ahead he saw the smooth lip of the water as it curled over into the first cataract.

The falls, Easter!" he shouted

Lie down on your back" yelled Easter "We've got to jump nm

For the big motorboat swept up on them with a speed that tethered them in place and if they landed clearly they would have a storm of shot about them on the shore Seabold lay down on his back his elbows braced against the ribs of the canoe The stars were steady over him Then trees rushed past his him the boat pitched its nose down into the sliding oil a flume, and that windy roaring swallowed his senses

The boat struck with a force that tautened the wind from his lungs It leaped again staggering through a thousand small fountains. Even the stars were whirling back across the sky—and the noise they raced on a racking current that kept elbowing them tossing them from beneath

"Up!" shouted Easter "Mind the rocks!"

Seabold had no chance to look behind but his mind held a picture of a living monster behind them towering into the middle of the sky His business lay before him right and left where little lunges of white told of the rocks and sometimes by the starlight he could see the flat sleek of their backs. He had to reach for those teeth out of water, thrust against them glance to the other side for the next danger—and all in a moment the canoe was slipping, down a comparatively smooth water way with thick, leaning masses of trees on each side.

The general was hallowing out a bit of an old Spanish song

You lose at my heel
Your hand at my shoulder

And then the roar of the cataract punched away, almost to nothing as they rounded a quick bend

Easter shut off the motor and started paddling Seabold followed suit, the water dripping from him

They go back" said Easter hall chanting the words. They give the alarm The good word is telegraphed to Rio Negro and all down the railroad They send out their parties to cut us off But there's as good a chance as a single number at roulette What do you say to me Joe? A man's a rat who won't play a single number now and then And we've got a lucky boat, and in us Did you feel her leap like a good horse at a fence? Joe, I'm in hay again The world's our oyster and we'll eat it raw!"

THEY WENT down the river at half speed because the stream took unpredictable turns and twists, then the hallowing of a waterfall reached them over the crashing of the exhaust and they made a portage around it.

The portage meant shutting off the motor wedging in through the snaky green arms of the jungle to the bank and then hewing a way through the loathsome dampness and heat of the greenery to the bottom of the falls. That took an hour and a half with Seabold bitten to a thing ing rash by the mosquitoes before he was through This only spoken words were terse orders from the general which he obeyed in silence. Up the slippery path which they had cut they had to stumble back to the boat. At the first load they took the engine and motor and then hit. In the second load they carried the canoe itself The reloading the refixing of the motor occupied another hour together with the portage itself

Easter said as he got into the canoe That cancels out our head start Anywhere ahead of us, now there may be head hunters sent out from the railroad line on the other side of the river Imagine whatever you please it's likely to happen."

Seabold answered "I'm a dead weight on you I know that I know what you've given up for the sake of getting me down the river too.

Whatever you know don't be a damn fool about it, said Easter and they were silent again as the motor shot them down stream

Once Seabold said "What of Mary Cosgrave? What share has she had?"

She helped Marigny do his thinking said the general That is a dangerous thing to do but she did it

Continued on page 28

Part Two: Herring-boning —The Half-Sidestep—The Snowplow



Sam Cliff

How to Ski

By H. T. (SAM) CLIFF
Author of "Skiing Simplified"

THE IDEA of climbing hills on skis usually strikes the beginner as pretty ghastly but it is a simple business if you know how to go about it and a good deal faster than could be done on snowy slopes alone

As you approach gently rising ground you proceed exactly as you have been doing on the level except that you'll probably not be able to impart any glide to your steps. As the gradient begins to increase lift up the tip of each ski in its stride and slap it smartly on the snow because this tends to make it stick there and discourages backslip You will also learn that the various skiwaxes which are sold to make the skis glide more readily on different types of snow can also be applied to the running surfaces in such a manner as further to minimize backsliding



The Sidestep.

In climbing especially you should avail yourself to the full of the valuable aid of the sticks. Plant each stick in the snow about a foot ahead of its advancing companion boot. Hunch your shoulder over it and thrust strongly on it as you climb past Keep one stick always in the snow behind you for support until you transfer your weight to the other

If you should unexpectedly begin to slip backward don't get panicky and nervously paw at the hill: you'll come to a halt all right but probably with your nose in the snow for an anchor If you begin to slide and the sticks aren't ready to hold you let yourself go, stand upright and lift one ski out and around to set it down behind the heel of its slipping mate all right angles to the fall of the slope Then are now in a dignified position to modify the degree of your ascent.

Do not try to climb too steeply! When your forward progress becomes a chore strike off obliquely up the hill to regulate comfortably the angle of the climb When you have tacked off sufficiently far you will perform a modified or semi-kick turn which was described in our first article and proceed upward in the opposite direction. This is typical of the skirunner's approach to obstacles: he does not plow straight through them, he gets there conveniently in a roundabout way

"Herring-boning"

IF YOU perhaps wish to climb directly up a short abrupt slope, you can adopt the "herringbone" This amusing looking manoeuvre takes its name from the tracks it leaves to the snow With the hill plump in front of your feet, step the first ski upward and outward at an angle of about thirty degrees. Throw your weight full on it and peep your self there by thrusting back against the opposite stick Swing up the other ski and lunge it outward to the snow at the opposite angle so that you now "straddle" the hill Edge the ski onward at each step to secure the greatest purchase Now proceed up the slope with a flowing cadence stepping all your weight momentarily against the advanced ski as you stride up, with the other, which should pass over its mate, just behind the heel heel



Herring-boning.

Should you come to a short but very steep stretch, where there is no room to tack up across it, bring the skis sidewise to the hill. Lift the inside ski broadside up the slope as far as convenient edge it into the snow and step up the other alongside. Repeat as often as necessary This is strenuous work especially on deep snow and you can make easier and faster time if the hill permits, by zigagging the sidestep so that each stride takes you forward as well as upward This is called the "half sidestep"

The science of climbing is just a matter of getting up there in the easiest way Study the hill contours in front of you, and figure out the most efficient combination of tactics after the manner of the diagram.

You must always fight off your natural fear and build up confidence in yourself by skiing at all times

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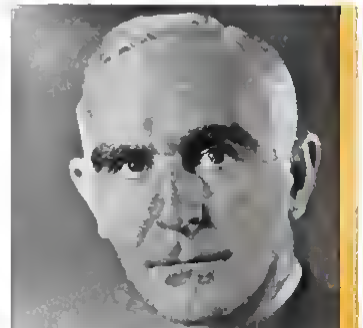


The Snowplow

No. 1 Job-Maker

A quick sketch of the dynamic head of Canada's National Employment Commission

By FLOYD S. CHALMERS



Arthur B. Purvis

ALTHOUGH left a little breathless official Ottawa marvels and approves the accelerated pace at which Arthur B. Purvis moves and works. Mr Purvis, top-flight Canadian industrialist has become our No 1 dollar-a year man, as chairman of the National Employment Commission

Mr Purvis has lived a life of athletic energy and dispatch lived as though he was determined to use effectively every one of the 600 waking minutes in each day Had he been a time wastm he could never have achieved business success before, he was twenty-one and would not have become the head of one of Canada's keystone industries Canadian Industries Limited—at thirty four

As chairman of the Employment Commission Mr Purvis has outlined to me the same methods that brought him success in business and enjoyment in living to study a problem thoroughly decide quickly what should be done find the person to do it and see that person on the job at once with full authority to act

Mr Purvis gathers his facts and makes his decisions sit in the field where the problem lies and not seated at a desk In a few months he has covered thousands of miles and interviewed hundreds of persons To get around without wasting time he has bought himself a private airplane a comfortable cabin five seater His will when necessary breakfast in Ottawa have lunch in Montreal and dinner in Toronto, holding conferences en route city

A Prodigious Worker

ONE WEEK recently he set a new Canadian mark for covering a wide territory On a Thursday morning he got into a plane flew to Charlottetown and spent the evening with the Cabinet of Prince Edward Island.

Up early on Friday morning he hopped over to Halifax met the Nova Scotia Cabinet conferred with Premier Dysart of New Brunswick who was in the city for the Tory convention afterwards the Press held important conversations with business leaders and flew to Saint John in time to be present at a dinner of fifty local business leaders who wanted to get both of the re-employment effort At 2 15 o'clock in the morning he saw the Press and went to bed

Saturday morning he spent in Fredericton and then caught the train to Montreal Sunday he spent at home moved on to Ottawa for Monday to see Members of the Cabinet went to Toronto for Tuesday to meet Premier Hepburn and his Cabinet and was back in Montreal on Wednesday

Within a period of six days he had visited five provinces had had conferred with four Provincial Governments and one Dominion Government

A few days later something developed in England that promised to throw light on Canada's employment problem. He caught the *Normandie* spent six days in London and came back on the *Queen Mary* after having interviewed Cabinet Ministers, high permanent officials and industrial leaders.

Shortly afterward he was on his way to visit the four western provinces.

Mr Purvis and his commission have a three-fold problem before them. First to reorganize relief to squeeze the waste out of it

Second, to mobilize the nation for re-employment.

Third, to access in Canadians a renewed spirit of self reliance and a feeling of confidence without which he can attain neither of his first two ends.

How the commission is accomplishing these purposes is being written huge in the newspapers from day to day as new policies, new plans are worked out and announced as one group surveys the needs of youth another those of women as housing apprenticeship farm placements, modernization public works, are enlisted to make jobs for all

But what of Mr Purvis' background of his capabilities for a job as big as paring the nation's hundred-million dollar annual relief bill without injustice as big as seeking work for a quarter of a million able-bodied unemployed

Self-made Man

MR PURVIS is a Scot born in London England He started to work at the age of fourteen which explains how at forty-six, he has spent thirty two years in business. Working as a youth in the spice-scented atmosphere of a Near East trading company in London he spent many a night doing jobs that were outside the purview of his responsibilities to equip himself for advancement.

His reward came while he was still in his teens. when a friend sent him to Glasgow to see Harry McGowan then in his youthful prime as an active figure in the Nobel explosives industries The man who was destined to head the great Imperial Chemical Industries liked Purvis.

On his own job eager observation brought Purvis his chance. He drew the attention of his superiors to weaknesses in the foreign branches They sent him off to correct the weaknesses. Up and down South America across the velds and rocks of Africa he travelled reorganizing dynamite sales offices meeting and solving difficulties on the ground storing up resource and ingenuity learning to love business as an adventure worth living

He was poaching a preserve of a main rival in Australia and the Far East when he got the Great War call. His brief cancelled his trip and gave him a bigger mission—to press to the United States and buy up all the acetone to be had. Acetone was needed to make cordite cordite was needed to fight battles on land and sea The British Navy had not enough cordite on hand to look with composure beyond the first sea engagement.

For weeks this twenty four year old youth bought acetone in the United States then for months he bought powder and other supplies His prodigious energy was unabating in January 1915 physical and nervous exhaustion stopped his work but not until he had bought the first twenty five million dollars worth of munitions purchased by the British Government in the United States The war was nearly over before Purvis was ready to work again Then he went to Chile to supervise the building of British munitions plants needed not so much to make munitions as to impress the Chileans that Britain, not Germany was on the winning side

After the war he went back to the United States for his British employers, to aid in the reorientation of the world's explosives business, completely upset by four years of war Here he remained until 1924 when British and Canadian interests in Canadian Explosives Limited asked him to come to Canada to take over direction of the company What was involved was remaking the company for peace after several years of abnormal operations for war

Today the company of which Mr Purvis is president and managing director is known as Canadian Industries Limited. Vast and diverse as its operations, it employs chemistry to serve the nation in many fields Its products are as varied as fertilizer Cellophane plastics, chemicals and mining explosives—all related through a few simple basic chemicals It enjoys public trust and goodwill to a striking degree and functions as a smooth running well geared business machine where young men get their chance for leadership and workers are treated as partners. Today with Mr Purvis giving almost all his time to his public task the company carries on under a group of executives who would work their shirts off for their chief

Middle of the Road

SUCH IS an abbreviated record of Mr Purvis' thirty two highly packed business years in which he has stepped from one achievement to another

Success in industry is evidence of ability to create employment But many students of public affairs know that a man may succeed in business and fail in public administration What has Mr Purvis besides industrial success to bespeak success his him in his new work?

One may cite is a eager acceptance of business as a cooperative effort of investors, workers and consumers, to which each can lend his own voice and wherein all work together to create new wealth and share it equitably Mr Purvis' views on the responsibilities of business have been expressed in several addresses and widely lauded They would have been regarded by a Victorian employer as dangerously radical

One may cite as well Mr Purvis' moderation in all things No Rightist No Leftist he walks the middle way disclaiming alike the reactionary practices of the superindividualist of the old school and the impractical vaporings of the dreamy social planner all his own.

Mr Purvis is an excellent public speaker convincing because sincere in his published addresses, he outlines a deeply humanitarian philosophy in cultivated language that is not beyond the ken of the average man

His tables his leisure seriously In the winter he skis and shops down trees. In the summer he sails. For indoor relaxation he listens to music or plays his piano recalling as he does so that he went without his supper in London more than once to hear Sir Henry Wood play at the "prom" concerts. Music has been the dominant influence on his life

Of such leisure and relaxation he enjoys almost none just now not will he so long as he dedicates himself to so pressing a task as a nation wide re-employment effort.

Willingly he has taken on this task which may bring him small thanks Gladly he will lay it down when the job is finished It will be no sad day for Mr Purvis when he is able to go back to his business skis, boats and music.



By ANN ROSS

Go West, Young Man

PERSONAL APPEARANCE" the Broadway stage success, might have been written for Mae West. Not to take any chances, however, Mae has rewritten it, refitting it "Go West Young Man" and assigning most of the best lines her own and the author's to herself. The picture is funny and fast, and holds up well although it is the best Mae West film in a long time. Mae's films have always been a little weak on plot and here, at any rate, she has a good, stout scenario to build on.

She is the movie queen Marvin Arden, who, on a personal tour, finds herself stranded in a combination farmhouse and gasoline station. Here her fancy lands squarely with the usual Mae West impact on a handsome young gasoline attendant (Randolph Scott). The problem then, which is to take care of by practically every one in the cast except Mae, is how to save Mae from herself and everybody else from Mae. The original play was farce-comedy, but Mae has trained the most of the subtleties and plays it amazingly burlesque. Incidentally, Mae has added to her own personal appearance by about fifteen pounds. However, since nothing else in the picture has been changed, this doesn't make a great deal of difference.

Wives Never Know

WIVES NEVER KNOW" is the latest comic strip adventure of Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, favorite Mr. and Mrs. of the screen. They are the Homer Bigelows, a devoted pair whose domestic happiness is perfect, till a visiting novelist (Adolphe Menjou) persuades them they are living the life of vegetables. So Mr. Bigelow takes to night life, and Mrs. Bigelow to suffering, and everything is confusion till Mr. Bigelow finally falls out of a second-story window into the shrubbery and is knocked sensible—none too soon. It is funny in places. If you are acquainted with the Ruggles-Boland adventures, you will know pretty well what to expect of "Wives Never Know."

Theodora Goes Wild

IN CASE you have overlooked Irene Dunnin talent for comedy, you should treat yourself to her latest picture. There's a lot of genuine rowdiness under Miss Dunne's demure manner and practically all of it acts to the surface in "Theodora Goes Wild." Even Mae West couldn't have dressed herself up more cunningly in a costume most of which consisted of nothing but ostrich feathers, or caught the camera more squarely in the eye than Miss Dunne does in her latest film.

She is a small town girl with a wistful longing for the city which she takes out in writing novels. Then Theodora goes to New York and discovers there is more to city life than even a literary girl can get down on paper. The city here (Melvyn Douglas) who has encouraged Theodora to abandon the simple life soon has his hands full trying to escape from the fat from simple Theodora.

People who have admired Miss Dunne from a respectful distance, can now admire her more than ever, and don't need to feel nearly so respectful about it. Aside all the wild romping she has done on the screen she deserves all the fun she gets—and contributes—in "Theodora Goes Wild."

A Woman Rebels

THAT OLD problem about woman and her career turns up again in "A Woman Rebels," and we are asked to watch Katharine Hepburn grappling for about thirty years with the question of human emancipation. That's too long. After a while we get to feeling we were getting crow's-feet round our eyes along with the patient hero (Herbert Marshall) who hung around for a quarter of a century trying to persuade Pamela (Katharine Hepburn) to give up her editorship and come away with him. For early in life Pamela had entered the magazine field and given herself up to writing scorching editorials on free woman instead of the usual twaddle about fanny needlework.

No doubt all of this was important but it wasn't much fun. Most of us could have got more excitement out of a bit of needlework. The costumes, mirrors, etc., are fine, and the picture works up to a bit of drama at the end. But most of the time Pamela is merely a nuisance.

A Woman Rebels seemed a long and struggle not only for the people on the screen but for those in the audience.

The Devil Doll

THE OPENING sequences of "The Devil Doll" borrow heavily from "The Count of Monte Cristo." It's about an innocent man (Lionel Barrymore) who is sent to prison by three wicked bankers and escapes to avenge himself on his enemies. He makes his break along with one of those mad scientists who are such a help in the movies. The scientist, it seems, has discovered a drug which will reduce human beings to the size of dolls at the same time depriving them of all will power. He dies, leaving his secret and his laboratory supplies to Mr. Barrymore who moves in on a film position to make things uncomfortable for his enemies.

The weakness of "The Devil Doll" is that it never really fools the audience in spite of its fine trick photography. People even people on simple on the banker's wife in the picture don't buy devil dolls for their little girls without investigating them. And all that Mr. Barrymore's disguise—white wig, shawl and earrings—did for him was to make him more strikingly like Mr. Barrymore than ever. Mr. Ireen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton are the young people involved.

Libeled Lady

WHATEVER MAY be said against the star system in the movies, it does make for lively entertainment. "Libeled Lady" has four stars: Myrna Loy, William Powell, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy—together with a story that permits them all to shine at their brightest without allowing any of them to outshine the rest. Myrna Loy is the libelled lady an heiress who brings suit against a newspaper editor (Spencer Tracy). He replies by arranging a counter-suit with the aid of his fiancee (Jean Harlow) and a blackmail artist (William Powell). The plot, which cheerfully goes to any length, involves Mr. Powell marrying first Miss Harlow then Miss Loy.

It is a complicated story but the four stars keep it moving so briskly that it seems to make some sense most of the time, or at any rate very good nonsense. It is full of bright lines and funny situations and sends you out happy and refreshed though maybe not very clear in the head.

Wilderness Ripple

Continued from page 13—Starts on page 12

powder he raised the old gun and let go.

The overloaded gun sent Farney staggering backward until he fell, but the birdshot compacted like a single leaden ball at that range tore through the muscled neck of the grizzly so that his blood-chilling howl died to a gurgle as he plunged flat and lay there while life drained from him in a red gush. In falling however Trem Farney struck his head on a stone and he saw the world go blank.

WHEN HE regained consciousness at last it was with awareness that he had been lying there a long while for his was chilled his muscles were stiff and high above the night-dimmed trees a moon that was like a red disc in the hazy sky shed weak light over the spot. Trem Farney's thoughts went back instantly to the battle with the grizzly and for some moments he did not stir as he tried to collect his wits. Yet the woods were very still and he turned his head until he might see a huge form blank in the gloom lying but a few feet distant. Then he knew that luck had been with him for if that last shot had failed there would have been no awakening for him.

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The Sign Post

The Charge Of The Light Brigade.—A big, flamboyant and completely unhistorical account of the famous Charge. With a climax which, next to the San Francisco earthquake in the season's most spectacular wind-up. With Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Spence the picture is both brutal and unbelievable. It can't be recommended for children.

The Great Ziegfeld.—Story of three great showmen: Ziegfeld, Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Frederic Bartholomew. In the New York tenement district. Vivid, moving and finely acted. Recommended for everybody.

Yellow Is The Word For Carrie.—Valiant was the word for Carrie, but she could have used more flattering. The early small-town scenes are moving and effective, but the film is monotonous and loosely put together. With Gladys George.

Ladies In Love.—Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon are the ladies in love. Before the end they are—with the exception of Mlle. Simon—greatly heavily distracted. Feminine audiences will enjoy it.

Old Hutch.—A long, rambling film about a village no account. Wallace Beery plays the big shot in prosperity. If you can take your Beery or leave it, better leave it.

Fast Company.—With George Ailiss cast as a wily Oriental polonaise. Definitely not one of the Ailiss masterpieces.

The Gorgeous Hussy.—Joan Crawford as a Washington figure in the days of Andrew Jackson. Joan appears to be trying hard enough but you can't mistake it. Some good historical scenes, but the picture wanders considerably.

Craig's Wife.—A well and well played screen version of the Pulitzer prize play by George S. Kaufman and Walter Craig, and Rosalind Russell is superb as Craig's wife. Recommended.

The Gilt Hemlock of Ink.—The novel has unusual, with most of your radio sensationeers insisting. George S. Simkowski in the New Seers of it is very good, seen of it very well.

Anthony Adverse.—Scott science and platitudes from the famous best seller, worked up into a big romantic picture. With Fredric March, Olivia De Havilland, Gale Sondergaard and.

The Hurdle's Wife.—Love and laboratory farewell in Manhattan and Africa. With Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. The film has its exciting moments, but it's hard to feel much sympathy with any of the people involved.

Give My Your Heart. — Kay Francis, the screen's best dressed unmarried mother, in some scenes of suffering and triumph. Only fair.

the wilderness, set in motion by inscrutable fate. In his minute mentality it was utterly impossible for him to comprehend that he had been directly responsible for an orgy of death and destruction as had been spread about this spot. He could not understand the profound workings of The Plan which governs these things. He was merely the lowest animal on earth and as such was constantly compelled to fend his way through life with creatures bigger than himself.

It would have been incredible to him to learn that he had brought about the downfall of deadly foes like the hawk the owl, the marten, the lax and lastly the cougar's existence. All he knew was that even the grisly was no longer to be dreaded.

In fact, he was so convinced of this that when his mate playfully sought to hide from him, little Pym confidently leaped over the huge paw which had once sought to crush life from him but missed thereby starting a wave of consequence that had not only engulfed wily killers of the wilderness but the greatest and most feared of all.

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REVIEW OF REVIEWS



The new Metropolitan Police college at Hendon, England

Policeman's College

London Training School for Future Police Officers is at Once Practical and Collegiate

IN ORDER that the London bobby's high standard of courtesy and efficiency shall be maintained a training school for bobbies has recently been set up at Metropolitan College Hendon in the north of London. There according to the New York *Times Magazine*

Their life is essentially collegiate. They stroll about in flannel bags and blazers; they go in for cricket, soccer, rugby and tennis; they dress in the evening and attend dances and other social events. They have excellent dormitories, dining hall and lounge.

But the classes which they attend—attired always in the dark blue police uniform with corded shoulder straps of an inspector—are vastly different from the ordinary academic class. Here hand-picked police officers and famous criminal investigators are the professors; classrooms are model police courts and police stations, laboratory mishaps are built of tangible "evidence" from which they must reconstruct crimes. Another difference is that they are paid about £4 a week for going to school.

Let us take a peep into the model police court. A young cadet—the "arresting officer"—dressed in his evidence now and again being pulled up in a friendly way by the magistrate who points out that he is a bit long-winded.

At the next table another cadet is writing furiously, but his is not taking notes for a newspaper story. He is putting down errors made by the recruiting cadet so that when his turn comes he will not make the same mistakes. The prisoner wears no hunted look; in fact, he seems slightly critical of the man who is making the charge. Soon they will exchange places for he, too, is a cadet, and the class will continue until every cadet has assumed the principal roles in the drama.

Meanwhile in another room—the exact duplicate of a police station—another drama is being enacted. Imaginary telephone calls bringing news of murders, thefts or street fights are received. Station sergeants spring to life and plan appropriate action. And quiet-faced lecturers who have spent years in the force listen to their plans and tell them where they are wrong.

The most interesting of all the exhibits is to be found in the general lecture room. Here beside a huge wall map dotted with flags marking crime areas is a glass case filled with objects used to test the detective powers of the cadets and to train them to observe what might seem at first small details, unworthy of notice.

There is, for example, an empty cigarette packet commonplace looking, but marked by a tiny spot of blood. Next is a small portion of earth to which clings a particle of chinaware. Here is a broken bootlace, a small fragment of cloth.

Some half-dozen of these objects are offered to a student together with a slight amplification of their history. He is told, for instance, that the discarded cigarette packet was found near the scene of a murder. The piece of earth was found in the turn up of the prisoner's trousers. The broken bootlace and the fragment of cloth were found near a fence about a hundred yards from the house where the murder was committed.

From these bits of evidence he must build up a case against a hypothetical prisoner. And the judge who passes on his deductions is often a man whose name is famous in the field of criminal investigation.

After two years of intensive training in every phase of police science the cadets sally forth to the rough stuff of real life. Although they are passed out as junior station inspectors, their first job may be the prosaic one of traffic control on the dull monotony of a suburban beat. This will depend on whether they have entered the college from the metropolitan police or direct from a public school or university.

If they have been in the police force before they will skip the elementary work of police duties and start with the practical training as junior inspectors.

The first junior will have to spend four months of the ordinary duties of a constable and another four months performing detective and court duties, then he will be attached to the criminal record office and fingerprint branch of Scotland Yard. Then come four months as section sergeant and station officer, after which he will emerge as a fully blown junior station inspector with a salary of £300 per year. From that point advancement depends upon his record.

The Motor-Car Boom

The New Year is Expected to be One of the Best That the Automotive Trade Has Ever Known

THERE ARE many good reasons for believing that 1937 will be one of the greatest automobile years ever known, states *Barron's Review* New York and it gives some reasons as follows:

Many reasons have contributed to the sharp recovery in automobile sales. Probably one of the most significant measurements to the place occupied by the motor industry in our general scheme of things is the manner in which automobile usage held up, even during the severest depression years.

The recovery period brought many new car buyers back into the market, and at the same time there was a marked stimulus in used car transactions. Almost everyone who could afford it began satisfying his appetite for either a new car or a better used car than he was driving. This cycle has gone on and on during the recovery period—and the vigor of the used car market has been one of the best assurances that the automobile business, generally, could be expected to march forward.

The purchase of new vehicles has not been confined to individuals alone. Numerous business houses including various concerns using large numbers of trucks and passenger cars in their business who are designated as fleet buyers, have been quick to grasp the advisability of renewing their motor equipment. They realize that new trucks or cars are less susceptible to trips to the repair shops, and are more efficient and economical to operate, and above all are travelling advertising ambassadors for their firms on the highways. Hence the sale of fleets of trucks and passenger cars has been greatly stimulated during the recovery period and there is every reason to believe that the fleet business will be further accelerated during the coming automobile season.

The truck manufacturers for example, have developed numerous types of special bodies and equipment which are particularly adapted to certain lines of business. These are finding a ready market for they open up new ways of increasing efficiency for concerns who have need for such equipment.

The number of persons employed directly or indirectly in 1935, as a result of motor transportation, reached the staggering figure of 6,000,000—representing about one out of every seven persons gainfully employed and there obviously has been no diminution in that figure this year.

From the inception of the automobile the industry's chief stock in trade in stimulating demands for its product has been to make cars progressively better each year. And what has been accomplished in familiar to almost everyone. Today's automobiles are better than yesterday's, and they are so far ahead of the cars of a few years ago that practically everyone who can afford it wants to own a modern car.

While the new cars like their 1936 predecessors still possess a world of top speed the idea of high speed will not be stressed so much next season as general all-round good performance and above all *safety*. Brake mechanisms have undergone further improvement. Safety glass will be used as standard equipment far more freely than heretofore. Special attention is being paid to cures in the matter of eliminating sharp edges from hardware and trim to lessen the danger of injury to occupants in case an accident does occur.



Strength without weight is now the motto of the car builders — drilling a crankshaft

water off by large surface ditches. The first of these was dug about 1885 and almost every year since has seen more mileage added to the large open drains in East and West Luther Amaranth and Melancthon townships, and the northern parts of East and West Garafraxa townships. In an area of 360 square miles there are over 225 miles of large drainage ditches, and at least as many more small feeder ditches. It is said that no other area in the world is more thoroughly covered with ditches except irrigated ground.

It is on this high tableland that the Grand River floods start. The water is carried rapidly to the river by the drains as soon as the deep snows melt and the warm spring rains begin to fall. From that high altitude the waters rush down with a fall of nineteen feet per mile often through narrow channels between high banks of rock. Since 1880 the floods have gradually grown in volume, yet even in the year 1936 new drains are being pushed into the great peat bog in Luther township.

In the southern part of the tableland the river drops down into a valley that grows deeper near Grand Valley and Waldemar until the hills are 150 feet high. At Waldemar, Belwood and Glen Lamond there were mill dams in pioneer days furnishing power for sawmills, grist mills and other local industries, all of which are gone now. Waldemar and Belwood stopped growing when their industries disappeared. Glen Lamond is still remembered as about forty years since an early flood took away its bridge and dam, and completely destroyed the stone mill rashly built in the bed of the stream.

Fergus and Elora were founded more than 100 years ago by men who saw the Little Falls and the Big Falls on the Grand and built their industries beside these adequate sources of cheap power. The Scots who built Fergus also erected a distillery beside a crystal pure creek whose source was a clear bubbling spring of green water eight feet in diameter. Brook trout were abundant in the Grand. This land around these villages sold quickly for it was well watered by streams. The first mill at Elora was built in 1817 in the best of the stream with the famous Elora Rocks towering sixty feet above its foundation. Every spring flood of recent years has risen higher than the place where the roof of the old mill used to be.

Elora and Fergus suffer little from spring floods now. The banks are high walls of limestone rock. The early stone mills whose walls jutted into the channel of the Grand have all been carried away by the ice. The early bridges went at the same time and they have been replaced by higher and wider structures.

Well and Sewage Problems

BUT FERGUS feels the scarcity of water in summer. The first water works system started twenty-two years ago, was supplied from artesian wells that overflowed into a reservoir. When they ceased to flow, pumps were put in the wells. Then deeper pumps, till the old wells went dry and larger ones were drilled with rotary pumps now sinking out the water from farther down in the porous limestone.

A few years ago Fergus installed sewers as an unemployment relief work. The sewage runs through large septic tanks into the river and the mixture is purified by the oxygen in the water as it flows over three miles of rapids. But this year the river ceased flowing entirely in the hottest weather.

Kitchener is the first large city reached on the journey downstream. Its population is over 30,000. Kitchener's drinking water comes from wells supplied by deep seepage from the river. There is sufficient water, but when some of the new wells were used for the first time last summer farm wells, close to Kitchener dried up within a day or two. The deeper the wells, the larger the area round about from which they draw the water out of the soil.

Drought in Ontario

Continued from page 15

Kitchener has no flood problem because the city is on a high bank well away from the river, but low water bothers the industrial city. It has the finest sewage disposal plant in the valley costing approximately half a million dollars, but still the neighbors complain. A green scum covers the brown water at Doon and Blair while near by Preston complains of the odors from the river when the wind is in the west. The stream carries this scum through Galt where it hangs in the rocky river bed and the piers of the three bridges.

The reason is sunlight enough. Efficient though the Kitchener disposal plant near Doon may be, it was dumping fifteen cubic feet of sewage effluent per second into a river that was flowing at a rate of twenty-three cubic feet in August. But that is not all. That twenty-three cubic feet per second was not pure water. A few miles upstream Waterloo had piped its sewage through Bridgeport into the Grand River and a large industry had further contaminated the stream.

The Grand at this point is not a river in summer, it is an open sewer. Yet this is the stream that Homer Watson painted. At Doon is the millpond depicted in his picture of "The Flood Gate" in the National Gallery at Ottawa, and the Grand in this stream seen between the tree trunks in "Evening After Rain" in the Toronto Art Gallery. Along this river near by, Carl Ahrens and F. S. Challener and other artists found much of their inspiration.

Just below Blair the Speed River empties into the Grand. It carries in its water the effluent of sewage disposal plants at Guelph and Preston, along with the waste matter from many industries in these municipalities and at Hespeler. In the spring, the Speed helps to swell the flood waters of the Grand just before they reach Galt.

Galt is another city which owes its location to the water power on the Grand but the city has grown greatly since Messrs. Dickson and Shaub built mills beside the river. The river itself has changed almost as much. Water power is no longer important, but when the people of Galt think of the Grand they recall the disastrous floods which have marked the passage of the ice through Galt many times in the past half-century, for Galt suffers more than any other city when the Grand goes on its annual rampage. Twice the loss has been estimated at $100,000. The last time the flood record was broken was in 1929 when about 30,000 cubic feet a second roared through the narrow channel below the dam at Galt. Ice over retaining walls and dykes, flooded houses. Three blocks away from the stream, and part two of the main business streets under water. It is little comfort to know that every expert assures Galt that the worst is yet to come, that some spring temperature and rainfall will conspire together to show Galt such a flood as that city has never experienced.

Brantford's Predicament

FINALLY let us look at Brantford, another city of over 30,000 people whose problems are perhaps the most serious of all. Brantford has spent $450,000 on a system of dykes and levees to keep out the floods in spring. Four or five months after the ice has gone Brantford may be drinking the whole flow of the Grand River—the same water into which Fergus, Waterloo, Kitchener, Guelph, Preston, Galt and Paris have dumped their sewage either treated or raw.

The system of levees in Brantford is more extensive than any other to be found in Ontario. It begins at Wilkes dam and stretches along the left bank of the stream for several miles almost the full length of the city. The earth levee on the right bank is not so long but is more spectacular. A person driving along the road on top of the 12 foot embankment is apt to wonder what will happen to parks, houses and factories if the water ever does go over the top.

Brantford municipal officials have reason to worry about the water supply when floods are high. The water from the river is doubly filtered and then chlorinated but at flood time the river is brown with the earth carried off the thawing fields of the townships, and polluted with sewage that has not had time to become purified in the rushing dirty water. There is danger of epidemics such as more than one city in the United States suffered last March and April.

In August each year Brantford's problem is different. There is always a chance that the total flow of the river may not be sufficient to supply the city with water. There is an surplus to take care of further growth. Textile and other industries, which need plenty of water cannot locate there.

These are the problems that have brought the Grand River municipalities together at last to seek a common remedy. They have too much water in spring. Floods destroy property and sometimes lives. Flood protection grows more costly year by year. In summer there is a scarcity of water to drink or to use on gardens. Livestock must be driven to distant sources of water. Industries cannot expand. Fishing in the Grand has become a memory, trout and bass have been replaced by carp, a scavenger fish. There is no longer water power for year-round use. Sewage disposal plants cannot operate efficiently without water.

Proposed Remedy

THESE problems have been studied for years by residents along the Grand. The causes and results of floods and droughts are known. It is obviously impossible to restore all the swamps and other storage basins which nature provided to feed the Grand River. The process of reforesting over 200 square miles would be too expensive and it would take several generations for cedars and tamaracks to grow sufficiently to bring back swamp conditions. Reforestation in selected locations will undoubtedly be undertaken but only as a partial remedy.

The problem of water conservation has been discussed along the Grand since 1912. Two of the pioneers being W. H. Breithaupt of Kitchener and the late J. F. Jaffray of Galt. Little progress was made until 1929 when the Grand River Valley Board of Trade adopted the scheme. Under the leadership of Gordon Cockshutt, of Brantford, much progress was made, and in 1932 the Ontario Government commissioned L. V. Rorke, Surveyor General of Ontario, and T. H. Hogg, Chief Hydraulic Engineer of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, to investigate the problem. James Mankintosh, an engineer of the Hydro Commission, did the actual field work and submitted a comprehensive report which is the basis of present plans. This report recommended the building of large storage dams, making four artificial lakes on the Grand and its tributaries to impound the flood waters in the spring so that the stored water could be released gradually all summer to provide a steady, controlled flow which would be approximately the same as the summer flow of a century ago.

Preparations are now being made to begin the construction of the first of these dams, eleven miles upstream from Fergus. The dam will be a concrete and earth structure about fifty-five feet in height and 900 feet in length. This would make a lake four miles long and half a mile wide with an area of 600 acres and an average depth of twenty-five feet, altering the geography of Ontario by adding an inland lake at an altitude of over 1,400 feet.

The cost of this project will be about $675,000. The plan has already been approved by the National Employment Commission at Ottawa as a necessary public work and one that will conserve the national resources of the country. The details of the financing and the distribution of costs are now being worked out by a committee composed of representatives of the Ontario Government, mayors of municipalities, and members of the Grand River Conservation Commission. If these details can be satisfactorily arranged the construction work will begin next spring.

This will be Ontario's first experiment in water conservation on a large scale. If it is successful it will not only bring new life to the valley of the Grand River but will bring fresh hope to residents along other dwindling streams in Ontario.

London Letter

Continued from page 14

tionary. They had no plan to overthrow the existing order but when men let loose such forces of anarchy they can seldom control them. If the Unions had won they might well have been swept on against their will, just as the mowels that surged into the streets of Petrograd in 1917, half in anger and half in holiday mood, never knew that they were raising the curtain on bloody revolution.

But in England the silent forces of democracy rose to meet the challenge. Duke's son and little clerk manned the trains and drove them to their destination, schoolteacher, grocer and artist took on police duties and guarded the incoming food supplies, old men from their gardens and young fellows from the night clubs drove horses and omnibuses, women enlisted for national service in their teeming thousands and the strikers looked on in dismay as they saw the forces of democracy spring up like a phantom army from the soil.

And when it was all over Parliament passed an Act limiting the power of Trade Unions because they had proved unworthy of the trust that democracy had reposed in them.

So the other day Parliament speaking for an exasperated and angered nation said to Sir Oswald Mosley and his Fascists:

We are tired of your private army.

We are tired of your quasi military uniforms.

We are tired of your imitation of an alien political movement.

We are tired of your anti-Semitism!

We are tired of your blustering offers to save the nation from a peril that does not exist.

We shall therefore now take that action which should have been dictated by your own good sense. If you want to rule the country the ballot is as open to you as to us. But until you are returned to power by the free will of the people we intend to be masters in our own house.

It is 3 a.m. and still raining relentlessly. Oliver Cromwell stands facing the Abbey a few yards away and I suppose the rain is splashing from his collar and boots.

But I think in spite of the rain there is a new warmth stirring in his heart at scene



A Seabold Fights

Continued from page 22—Starts on page 20

Does she belong to Marigny? asked Seabold. "Is she his woman?"

"Ha!" cried the general. "I don't know. What do you think? If I had thought of that I would've been a fool. Why, Joe could a girl like that sell herself to such a devil!"

"I don t know," said Seabold. "Sin Esteban. It does queer things to people."

"But she will. I wish you hadn t put the thought in my mind! Let's never speak of her again. I thought she was something up there—up in the blue.

Maybe she is," said Seabold.

But Easter made no rejoinder.

The current was quarrelsome in the still ness of a lake. Two or three lights sketched for them the black silhouette of a village on the left bank. They turned off the gutter of the motor and paddled. All before them the dark of the lake was jewelled with shining ripples which Easter finished the pocket light for a moment ahead to judge the passage. Those were the eyes of alligators, red as blood. And a man was singing on the shore near the village hiccoughing with drunkenness from time to time.

As the paddles dipped and the canoe slid Seabold asked: "What s the man singing?"

"It s an old as the Mayans, almost," said Easter. "It goes like this

"How many eyes in the forest?
How many feet in the jungle?
How many hands in the night?
How many voices how many voices!
Stand close to my shoulder brother
In the jungle one man is nothing
But two are better than a thousand

It s a forest song but the rivermen use it a good deal also."

Quietly Seabold rehearsed the words for they had a special meaning to him. Then the current took them once more into the winding anxieties of the river course. The motor drowned the noise of the mosquitoes. Only the burning of his skin and the shudder of his flesh told Seabold how he was being poisoned by the soft winged millions of them.

THE DAWN came to show them for the first time clearly the brown streaming and boiling of the current and the green of the jungle showering down into it with the lower ends of branches naked where the water had rotted away the leaves. They had left their clear sky. Now it was a grey outing with black thunderheads lifting above and through the luminous mist. After the green instant of dawn the full day was on them in a moment. The earth the river began to steam with the fierce of the invisible sun. Seabold looked down at his wrinkled clothes, stained with water and with sweat. When he glanced back at Easter he was amazed to see that veteran looking as bright as youth. He was busily unclamping the outboard motor which he now threw into the river. For as he explained, it was bad enough to be exposed to the eyes of watchers along the banks without carrying with them a drum that beat all to attention. The paddling would be much slower but the silence of it was priceless.

"But there s never a soul on the banks,' said Seabold "unless we get to a village, and the barking of the dogs tells us a long time before s re close to them."

"You can t tell what this river will turn up for us," answered Easter. "You can t—"

"Queen vou? Queen vou?" yelled a voice.

Seabold snatched at his automatic and looked cautiously about him.

"Up higher," said Easter. "Look up there into the top branches, and you'll see him."

The parrot was up there tweaking his head from side to side as though unable to believe one eye unless the other would confirm what it saw.

"Bad luck! Damn bad luck!" said Easter. He stood up the canoe trembling with his unbalanced weight. "Ah, ha amigo! Have you forgotten me? I am your young nephew, Jack Easter. Give me the good word, old boy.

"Queen vou? Queen vou?" insisted the parrot.

"I ve got a mind to slap him down with a bullet!" growled Easter. But he yelled ahead: "Come on, old fellow. Give us a cheer. Go ahead and be the life of the party. Give us a ring for somebody and stop that challenging."

The parrot shid off its branch and flapped up the river with its harsh voice yelling: "Queen vou! Queen vou! Queen vou!" until it was out of sight around the bend. And Seabold remained standing and staring after it as the canoe turned and drifted broadside.

"Bad luck! Rotten bad luck! Rotten bad!" Easter kept murmuring. "The little beast wouldn't show us the way downstream. Notice that? Gone off to tell Don Ricardo exactly where the blood hounds can find us. Well what the devil luck have I ever had since the Admiral left the—"

Here he broke off and sat down to paddle. Seabold failing to work with his sore hands began to get sharp advice from the rear.

"Don't swing the whole weight of your body. The lower hand is only an anchor. You lean against it with the upper arm and shoulder. It's the rhythm that takes the trick. Easy, easy does it!"

The sun broke through the mist above and turned the thunderheads into mountains of fire and dark smoke. The whole burden of heavy rain was concentrated in the black bellies of those clouds. Sunshine on the brown water turned it to gold with cloud shadows hallowing after. New sheer came to Seabold as the river world started to life around him. They were rousing birds continually, great black ducks or little butterballs or tall waders such as herons, cranes, egrets, and even a few hypocritically sinking flamingoes got clumsily into the air when the boat neared. Whole clouds of hummingbirds jewelled the air around a blossoming tree and far up in the sky the sailing specks were buzzards waiting.

Seabold lighted a cigarette. It was so damp that the paper kept burning back from the tobacco at last, slow smoke.

"What about your hands?" asked Easter. "Can they stand it?"

"They're all right," said Seabold.

"I can see the blood on the paddle handle," answered Easter. "A hero today is a dead weight tomorrow. Take it easy. You can keep on paddling but don't try to lift the whole weight of the canoe by yourself. Easy does it, Joe!"

TOWARD the midday a waterfall roaring walked up on them. They found a rocky bank and climbed it with the canoe before the hole of a flood water came around the bend. Somewhere in the hills a thoughtful mist have fed the tributaries of the Rio Negro River, now the precursor of the main flood came down on them. Instead of a single central current, the river boiled and whirled from bank to bank. Logs, broken trees drowning tangles of vines, swept with the stream and sometimes a huge dark trunk came alive and banged halfway from the water. Then the main head of the flood struck the long bend just above and the trees that fringed the river went down in a long prodigy of noise. The force of the river redoubled beneath the bank. A large tree went by pulling its branches under like a grotesque Ferris wheel and at the top a big black ape sprang desperately from limb to limb on the treadmill. When it caught sight of the people on the bank the poor brute stopped struggling for a moment and turned its head to stare at that island of safety.

It remained motionless on its branch as the tree turned and thrust it under the water. The poor beast did not rise to the surface again.

The hole of the flood now stormed around the upper bend.

It was not a sheer wall of water but a sloping mass all steamed over with foam and carrying in its breast like a tumult of charging spears the naked tree trunks.

The noise of it was worse than the sight. It seemed to Seabold as he looked up in the sky that the clouds following the course of the stream were drawn by an enormous suction.

The river widened below the next bend and the force of the flood was expended there with a wide roaring that regathered in the narrower stream beyond. The currents more black than brown, rapidly sank toward normalcy.

Easter said: "Parrots are wise birds. Damn wise. We ll eat now, Joe."

So they cooked rice and coffee and had a siesta under the mosquito netting.

The bend of Easter shook Seabold awake much later. Voices were chanting on the river. Through the shrubbery along the bank Seabold looked down on a big dugout which had been hand shaped out of a mahogany log, now speeding down the stream with a dozen half naked Indians bundling the twenty-foot log-boat, that propelled her. In the centre of the boat five uniformed soldiers with rifles were watching the shores. The boat song and the boat slipped away from him in a moment.

"For us," said Easter. "What sort of a price has he tacked on our heads? Marigny would pay half a million, I think, and for ten pesos half of these fellows would cut a throat by night."

"Shall we try to make it overland?" asked Seabold.

"Let me have a look at your hands," said Easter.

"They re all right," said Seabold.

"Let me see 'em. Nice and raw eh? If we can get down the river ten miles, we'll strike overland. But nearly every step of the way will be machete work unless we have some luck and hit on game trails. Here comes another outfit looking for Uncle Jack Easter."

Half a dozen natives poling the dugout this time, and a similar squad of five soldiers in the centre of the craft carefully on the lookout.

"Patient as cats, aren't they?" murmured Easter. "They have their virtues, these people. You know a jaguar will wait for a whole day in a branch over a game trail hoping for supper. And there are a hundred thousand pretty fair marksmen thinking about us with their mouths watering. We'll wait till twilight and then feel our way along in the dark.

THEY DID not, in fact, wait for the night but when the sun had dropped into the west and stuck on the black spikes of a mountaintop they walked the canoe down to the river s edge and got in with their kit. With the first paddle strokes the raw blisters that covered the hands of Seabold cracked open to the reel and the cloud of his mosquitoes blew back like a veil behind his head but the fear that lay before him was an anaesthetic against all pain. He and Easter peered around the first bend found open water and shot the canoe forward. The sun dropped, the twilight brushed across their eyes like a hand the night came and the night noises. Birds at darkness had begun their chirping inside the night monkeys were squeaking, the lizards kept up an undersong with their constant yep-yep-yapping, and then the booming call of a swamp bird made everything else small by the comparison.

They went down the river with the walking thrust of the paddles, the light run of the canoe in between. Sometimes only the eyes or the instinct of Easter found the way, sometimes the clouds gave back and the starlight touched the river from shore to shore. They passed a shelving bank. A vast thing slid from it the water gurgling as it sank, and Seabold remembered with disgust the ruby eyes of the alligators in the lake.

There was no talking, and now he was alone with the pain of his hands, the tropical heat that made breathing difficult, the long and rhythmical swaying of his body. He could not guess at the miles which had flowed out behind him when a light flickered from the deep inset mouth of a tributary, then poured full and strong upon them. A machine gun ripped the night open like tearing sailcloth. The water dashed about them bullets thumped rapidly against the high bank beside them.

"Shore!" cried Easter. A sweep of the paddles brought them to it.

Another light joined the first. Seabold saw Easter jump like a long-legged kangaroo up the bank. Bullets mowed down the tall green herbage behind his feet. The gun ceased and in the ceasefire Seabold himself jumped ashore with the rifle. The kit already had been taken by the general and Seabold was light for his dash into shelter. The machine gun followed him. The air was alive with it the bullets were flying fists against the thick tree trunks as he dived toward the voice of Easter into the protection of tumbling rocks at the rim of the bank.

He could see the launch coming across the river now, big and black behind its headlights.

"Now if we can give them a taste—" said the general picking up the rifle.

He lay flat on his stomach.

"Easy, easy, my friend; you'll catch a nigger by the toe—" said the general and fired. A second shot and a third followed. The launch swerved away. With out haste, Jack Easter continued to fire into her. The machine gun was still rattled was still again. She was in full flight with the headlights gone and one insolently screaming valve of agony trailing behind her.

The general stopped shooting.

"Through the belly, I guess," he observed. "Sometimes they yell like that when they get it through the belly."

"Do we try to get on via the river bank? The canoe s gone," said Seabold. "And that was a good shooting, general!"

"There s no use getting down this side of the river. It s the other side that we want to reach," said Easter. "Yes, I seem to have touched them up a little. I kept trying just for that point under the lights just under the lights."

He laughed exultant.

"The canoe s gone. Do you think we can find somebody to ferry us across?" asked Seabold.

"Ferry? Ferry us to hell! We'll see about that. Now s the time to sleep."

"They'll come back to hunt for us suggested Seabold.

"Not this," answered the general. "Not till they have daylight, and even then they'll feel their way as if it were dark.

See em scoot down the river to pick up the canoe? That s enough for em. That s a scalp to boast about."

He snarled beneath his breath.

"I can eat some raw bacon. Then we'll turn in," he said.

THEY DID as he directed. To the hunger of Seabold the raw bacon was not disgusting and that they slept under the mosquito netting until Seabold wakened with one side of his body on fire.

The general already was on his feet snapping: "Ants! The army ants Joe!"

He abandoned rum a bit of standing water behind their camping ground.

"Get your clothes off and wash em away," called Easter.

It was already the small beginning of the dawn as Seabold reached for his rifle with one hand and for his boots with the other. The leather was greasy with over night mold. When he stepped on the ground it was alive with little hurrying objects that bit the sole of his foot, that swarmed up over his toes still biting, his laugh his had stepped into a powerful acid.

The dawn light was shining down through the crevices of mountainous clouds as he ran with groaning steps into the pool of water to join the general. He sank to the knees in the wet and slime of the pond. Easter already was pulling off the clothes into which the ants had worked. Seabold followed suit and started brushing off the specks of fire.

All about them the night noises had hushed. There was only the sweep of the river with its continual sucking and bubbling sounds along the bank. In addition from the ground from the trees came a distant rustling and grinding as hundreds of millions of mandibles worked.

A toad leaped over the ground with shorter and shorter jumps. It paused staggered and turned into a furred ball. The liar had a wriggling life of its own. A snake came out of a hole racing, but slowed as though it were trying to worm forward through sand. It coiled, thrashing and then gradually stretched out.

One big tree stood near the pool and advanced a few clean paces from the rest of the jungle. Out of its branches small living things commenced to fall struggled a few moments on the ground and were still. These were the hunters. Other small creatures ran to the lip of the water shrank from the touch of it and were covered by the swarming ants. Great spiders covered with fur spiders with a leg stretch as large as the extended hand of a man got to the rim of the pond and then stood up on their long legs and turned to fight. It was as though the surface of the ground had grown alive. The myriads swarmed up over the great blood-suckers and they collapsed, struggled a moment and then melted away to delicate skeletons, mere plinting traceries al white in the moonshine.

Then some big thing floundered in the upper branches of the tree. A horrible human scream arose began and ended when a big thirty pound monkey plunged through the boughs and struck the ground heavily. It lay stunned for a moment, but it roused with the frightful yellings again stood up on its hind legs uncertainly and worked with both hands desperately at its face. It began to hop away, yet had to stop and fight to clean its head again always with the human yelling.

Why doesn t it take to the water? shouted Seabold in a sweat of horror.

"They ve eaten out its eyes—you see how it runs in a circle?" said the calm voice of Easter. "Save me that gun Joe."

He took as automatic from Seabold, lifted it carelessly and fired. The monkey collapsed.

"The screeching was a little annoying, explained the general giving back the gun.

But Seabold stared with aching eyes at the big mound in the earth which was diminishing making gradually away. When he glanced forward toward the camp where the snake had lain there appeared now only a single dotted line of white the vertebrae.

"They tell a pretty story in Tegucigalpa," said the general. "Did you hear it, Joe? Tell us about the man who'd broken both legs in a fall? They stretched him out on a hammock one morning and went all hunting. When they came back at noon they found the splints the bandages the clothes, and the bones but the rest of the man was gone. The ants had been there in the meantime."

Seabold groaned faintly.

That hail human screeching began again from a tree on the lower side of the clearing. It was followed by the rushing of branches that diminished into the distance. The howling died down.

"That monkey got away," said Easter. "The other one s been turned into rations for a couple of gallons of ants."

Something slithered out of the brush into the open, a little liche ribbon of a snake that whipped itself along as fast as a running dog. Even that speed almost clogged presently the tormented thing was a twisting dotted lump that finally straightened.

"That s about the last bugle call," suggested the general. "These busy boys ought to be starting home now."

A moment later they splashed from the pool and tacked this mud from their feet.

No leaks no spiders no snakes, no scorpions, no fleas. It s like walking on sacred ground, almost, isn't it Joe?" asked the general.

Seabold turning from him looked back at the little white skeleton of the monkey beneath the big tree.

"Pretty loathsome, eh?" asked Easter.

Seabold looked at Easter curiously and said nothing for the general s smiling was so genuine that he could swear that he had enjoyed this grisly little episode of the night.

"You see," said Easter, "that s what happens down here where the sun s too hot and the rain s too heavy; the earth comes to life and eats you."

Down here in San Esteban," said Seabold, "I don t suppose you could ever be wrong?"

Clouds already were gathering across the forehead of the morning. They could hear the rush and stamping of the approaching rain before the shadow of it reached them.

After one hearty downpouring the rain became a steady drizzle.

"Watch the river," said the general and went back into the jungle with his machete. This rain will be send in their eyes, anyway," his called to Seabold.

THERE WERE only the birds to watch gaining home to covert among the upper branches, and the long-legged waders by the shore regardless of rain standing with their heads cocked back on their long necks like javelins as slim ropes. They stood minutes long then struck and even when Seabold was watching one of the gaunt birds finally the speed of that whip snap always took him by surprise. Sometimes they caught good sized grass and tossed back their heads, and held their bills laughing open as they got the morsel down. Once in a while it was big, enough to make them give a drum beat with their wings afterward to help the swallow down their throats. But it was good fishing for them all. The heart of Seabold hungered with envy as he watched them.

A motorboat went up the stream towing a pair of dugouts filled with riflemen who stared wisely at the bank where Seabold and Easter had landed. The motorboat pulled so close in shore that for a moment Seabold gripped his rifle in anxious hands. But they shared off again and went upstream, still very near to the bank.

The voice of Easter called to him a moment after that. The general was rolling down the sleeve of his right arm putting red with watercress.

Forty men" said Seabold. "They came up in a motorboat and two dugouts behind."

I didn t hear your rifle," said Easter. "Show ourselves to a mob like that?" asked Seabold.

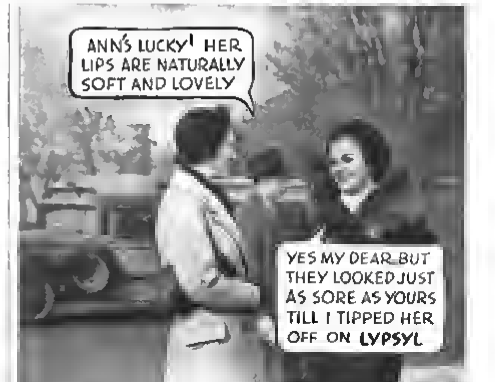
"Oh, they know we landed here. Don t mean they ll get chances to practice Joe. Ever kill a man?"

"No" said Seabold.

"Well it s worth a try" answered Easter. "That crew will take no chances. They'll try to work their way down creek through the woods. But not even a monkey Joe can get through them woods without making a noise. So we'll have plenty of warning.

"What good will warning do us if forty men come on the run?" asked Seabold.

Easter ran thumb and forefinger down



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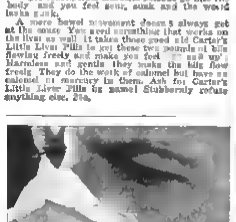
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the blade of the machete and shrugged his shoulders.

"Give us a chance to thin out the weeds that's all," he said. "Come back here and have a look. I am making a boat."

On the ground back in the woods a big rubbery sheet was spread out. Seabold picked up the fibrous leaf mass and found it light.

"The rubber tree," said Easter pointing "and the bejuco loca—lliane makes the two pieces the cup catches into good rubber almost at once. Strain, too. Try to tear it. Now if we make a frame with branches we have a case."

The hands of Seabold helped Easter make the frame of branches and bind the brushes with lengths of tough bark fibres, but the mind of Seabold all the while was looking back into the woods to detect the approach of man. Sometimes he heard crashing noises but these were mere outbursts of rain that beat on the broad leaves as on drums. Easter shaped paddles out of palm stalks. Then they carried the rubber boat down to the shore. It looked like a canoe that had been broken in three places.

"Can you swim?" asked the general.

"Yes."

Then I regret that you can't. If they come at us keep on paddling for the far shore and let me try to hold them off with my rifle. We can't spend the rest of our lives playing tag with this diamond river. We've got to get across."

They got across.

They saw only a single fisherman in a wrecked dugout, patient of the rain with his line dragged astern by the current, and he gave them no more heed than if they had been a cloud in the sky. They had beached their rubber canoe before the voices shouted from the other side of the river and when they looked back they saw riflemen on the high bank which they had just left. Some of them were brandishing their guns in a yelling rage. Others of a more practical mind were kneeling to take aim, but Seabold and Easter got into the jungle gathered.

To be Continued

The Blue Ushabti

Continued from page 1 Starts on page 18

Webber unlocked a case and showed us surrounded by a number of other curiosities, a little statuette of Isis, a deep peacock blue, representing a woman with the head of a hippopotamus. It struck me as being a singularly repulsive object but then I am not an Egyptologist. He likewise drew our attention to a shelf of books above the desk against the farther wall where he told us the replica had originally stood.

Mr Treadgold on the job is direct in his methods. Having received the ushabti or rather the copy in a silk handkerchief he bore it to the desk, where he had already deposited the battered attaché case containing his fingerprint outfit and told the professor we would not detain him. Rather unwillingly Webber let me carry the case as he would have a glass of sherry for us in his den when we had finished.

Mr Treadgold is a slow and very conscientious worker and I soon tired of watching him manipulate his blower and powdered graphite. I was drifting round the cases when the door of the museum was silently pushed open and a fair-haired young woman, with a tumerous glance behind her came sidling in. Swiftly she went to the desk and addressed my companion.

"Mr Treadgold," she said rather breathlessly, "I can get the ushabti of Thouteris back for you if you'll agree to ask no questions and to say nothing to the professor about how it was recovered. I'm Miriam Day. Professor Webber's secretary."

Mr Treadgold glanced up from his work. "You know me do you?"

"Mr Bewlish spoke of you once in connection with the Carshalton diamonds case. Lady Carshalton is his aunt."

H.B. bent his bushy eyebrows at her. "So you know the ushabti was missing?"

She nodded. "Professor Webber may consider himself a great diplomat but I can always tell when he's upset. Ever since yesterday he's been asking me roundabout questions and I'm certain on Tuesday night, continually harping on the moment when the ushabti was being handed round besides pumping me about Mr Bewlish's private affairs."

"Is Mr Bewlish a particular friend of yours?"

"Mr Bewlish is a very nice man and I see a good deal of him. She paused. "But to return to the ushabti—on one pretext or another ever since yesterday morning the professor has kept me out of the museum although we have urgent work to finish. This afternoon, however just before you came I caught him before the open case where the Thouteris ushabti is normally kept peering at it through a magnifying glass and I saw at a glance that the figure was not the original also that the copy had disappeared from the shelf. Then, when I heard you announced I couldn't resist listening at the door when he was talking to you about fingerprints."

Mr Treadgold's blue eye dwelt sternly on her face. She was quiet, self-possessed and without being directly beautiful had a wealth of character in her expression.

"And you say you can get the ushabti back?" he questioned.

She nodded.

"How long will it take you?"

"Give me until tomorrow morning."

He nodded and drew a card from his pocket. "Very well. Call me at that number at noon."

She was going when he called her back. "Were any of the women wearing gloves on the night of the party?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Thanks. That was all."

As deferentially as though she had been a customer at Savile Row he escorted her to the door.

"Nothing like a reputation," I chaffed him. "She'd only to hear your name and she owned up at once."

Mr Treadgold was unpacking his paraphernalia. "So you think it was she who bought the huge-headed lady—do you?"

"Don't you?"

He sighed. "That's just the trouble. I do. But I don't see why she went to all the risk and trouble of taking that particular statuette when—" He broke off. "Do you realize that there are scarabs, no larger than a small watch box, in this room which cost our friend Webber as much as five and six thousand pounds? They were telling me about them at the British Museum today."

"I suppose this copy he had from the idea of filling the ushabti."

"It's a reason but a poor one, George."

WHEN WE WENT in search of the professor a slender rather pallid woman met us in the hall. "I'm Mrs Webber" she announced. "The professor has an early dinner engagement and went to his room to dress. Would you care to wait in the drawing-room?"

We found Mercia Day in the drawing room. There was a decanter of sherry on the piano and she poured us a glass apiece.

"I suppose you're as keen as Egyptologist as your husband Mrs Webber?" I remarked to make conversation.

"Indeed she's not." Miss Day broke in. "She regards the professor and me as nothing better than a couple of grave-robbers."

Mrs. Webber smiled wanly. "I must say I find the living Egypt more interesting than the dead" she observed.

"The professor always insists on Mrs. Webber going out to Egypt with him," Miss Day volunteered. "But while we're grubbing in the Cobbel she remains in Cairo sitting on all kinds of communities of Egyptian ladies for the relief of the poor."

"An admirable idea!" declared Mr Treadgold warmly.

"I wish my husband thought as you do" said Mrs. Webber. "He doesn't like Egyptians and it angers him to think of me spending my time in the women's quarters of the Cairo palaces or in the hovels of the Arab city." She broke off. "But forgive me. I don't know why I should bother you with all this."

I could have told her that H.B. has a charm of manner which leads the most unlikely people to confide in him at sight—time and time again I have noticed it. He did not reply now and as though to change the subject, picked up a large photograph that lay loose on the piano and regarded it.

It was a head and shoulders of a girl in a black decollete an Egyptian as the thin gauze veil imperfectly concealing the lower part of the face suggested. Several rows of magnificent pearls were coiled about the creamy pale coffee-colored neck. The eyes, lustrous and black above the wisp of gauze were magnificent. The photograph bore the name of a well known Mayfair photographer.

"What a lovely face!" said Mr Treadgold.

Rather hastily Mrs. Webber took the photograph from him. "I'd rather my husband didn't see that, she remarked. He doesn't approve of my being friendly with the Egyptians."

"Why, it's the Princess Murad Ali!" exclaimed the secretary glancing over her shoulder. "I thought you told me she was ill in Cairo. This picture was done in London."

"She's here with her husband" said Mrs. Webber shortly and slid the photograph out of sight into a drawer. She gave me that glance today. But please don't tell the professor."

Webber's voice boomed from the door—he was in evening dress with a decoration at the neck. "Sorry to leave you like this, Treadgold, but I'm dining out tonight." He ignored his wife and she went quietly away. The fair secretary with her "Well" barked the professor. "what about those fingerprints?"

"I'll report on them tomorrow" was Mr Treadgold's reply. "I may have news for you by then. If I can recover the ushabti are you prepared to ask no questions?"

Webber frowned. "Well if depends."

"It's likely to be a condition" H.B. told him. "I'll telephone you in the morning."

I told H.B. I would give him dinner at my club.

"A rum business, George," he observed gloomily as we drove Pall Mall-ward, "a devilish rum business. My head's no better than a puzzle sheet of silk as Tristram Shandy's father remarked on a celebrated occasion all perplexity all confusion without ide." He grunted. "Well the night brings counsel, they say. Let's wait and see what the Day will bring us in the morning."

But the Day brought us. She was at Bury Street when we went round to H.B.'s chambers after dinner.

I spoke too soon, she told Mr Treadgold in an agitated voice. "I can't help you after all." She gazed at him despairingly. "You suspect me don't you? And so does Webber."

Mr Treadgold humped his shoulders. I don't see why you shouldn't have taken a more valuable object—one of those scarabs from the Carnarvon sale for instance—if it was a question of raising money.—he made a deliberate break—"for a friend."

Her cheeks flamed. "You know—about that bill?"

"Not as much as I should like to know my dear."

"Excuse me a minute" She darted out.

IN ABOUT five minutes she was back, dragging by the hand a broad-shouldered reluctant young man. "This is Michael Bewlish" she announced and added to the youth. "You'd much better make a clean breast of it, Mike!"

"I only heard about this business from Mercia tonight" said Bewlish. "But she never touched that ushabti and no more did I though when you hear the facts you'll say it looks worse than ever for us. Some months ago I backed a bill for three hundred pounds for a friend of mine."

For Charles Cavander—Mercia Day put in.

Mr Treadgold sat up abruptly. "The Cavander who was at the professor's that night?"

Bewlish nodded tight lipped. He's crazy about His Fleming woman and she's a deuced expensive.

"Is he a good judge of Egyptian art?"

"The young man's out was haggard. "Name's Jupiter. But old Charles wouldn't do a thing like that. He's out of town tonight but first thing in the morning—"

"What you have in do, young man," said Mr Treadgold sternly—"is to keep this thing under your hat. And that applies to you as well" he told Miss Day. "What happened about that bill?"

My friend Lady Carshalton, whom I think you know" stumped up" Bewlish replied. "Charles is going to pay her back by instalments."

Every word this young man says further embroils the situation." Mr Treadgold declared. "For the land's sake George, take him into the dining room and give him a drink while I have a word in private with Miss Day."

What that word was did not transpire for—after these departure Mr. Treadgold became impenetrably mute and next morning I had to go to Manchester on business. On my return two days later I found a note from Mr Treadgold telling me I was expected to dine at Karnak Lodge that evening. Dinner was at eight and he would meet me there.

THERE WAS no sign of Mr Treadgold when I was shown into the drawing-room and Miss Day was missing too. But I had a thrill when Webber announced me to the other guests—with the exhibition of H.B. and myself it was the same party which had been present on the occasion of the theft of the ushabti.

One of them was the thief—I glanced them over as the cocktails went round. The Allertons?—one could safely exclude them a placid, suburban couple. Larned, the American Egyptologist, plump and grey haired looked harmless enough as he made himself agreeable to Mrs Webber but I was in no mood to wait long for the result of collecting will carry the most respectable individuals. With Cavender and his lady friend Mrs. Fleming I was less favorably impressed. He was too well-dressed too sure of himself—perhaps and I suspected a bit of an adventurer into the bargain. The woman a dazzling blonde with the air of flaunting her beautiful clothes at one was a fit associate for him it seemed to me. I could not help noticing that young Bewlish was palpably nervous his face turned a dull brick red.

When at length Mr Treadgold accompanied by Mercia Day appeared I divined that a climax was at hand. Success always buoys him up there was a mischievous twinkle in his blue eye a certain hustling eagerness under his bland external which told me that things were going his way. I took a surprise at dinner Mrs Fleming, who was on my right said to me "So our tailor friend is taking up Egyptology?"

I was giving nothing away. "Well he collects stamps—so why not antiquities?" I returned with a laugh.

"They say he's going to make Marcus Webber an offer for his collection that he's sending the valuum in tomorrow."

Who says so?

"Charles Cavander heard a rumor somewhere. I tackled Mrs. Webber just now and she didn't deny it."

We had our coffee at the table and went in a body to the museum afterward. There seemed to be something in the story Mrs. Fleming had told me for Webber and Larned took H.B. from case to case the rest of us trailing behind. They started at the near wall beside the door. The case containing the ushabti of Thouteris was against the opposite wall I could see the little blue statuette with its repulsive head sitting from behind the glass. I wondered what would happen when they reached it for of close quarters like this Larned would surely detect the forgery.

Webber talked incessantly. The cases were unlocked presumably in readiness for Mr. Treadgold's inspection— and he opened one effigy case in turn, took out some jar or figurine, some scarab or amulet and expatiate upon it.

And then the light went out plunging us all into Stygian darkness. I heard a little squeak of excitement. It sounded like Mrs. Fleming and Webber roaring to Miss Day to bring candles. Little points of light appeared in the gloom two of the crowd had snapped on their cigarette lighters. I had a glimpse of Webber a match in hand, striding toward the door but before he reached it the light went on again.

THERE WAS a little sigh of relief from everybody.

"Well, I never knew that to happen before" Webber grumbled. "It must have been a temporary failure of the power station." He had a scarab in his hand which he replaced in its case. "We now come to the jewellery" he said to Mr Treadgold.

H.B. cleared his throat. "I think I'd prefer" he remarked, enunciating clearly "to have a look at that charming Thouteris ushabti you told me about."

Webber stared at him blankly then shot across the room. He opened the case and whipped out the little statuette. "Why—why—" he sputtered incoherently.

"A delightful piece" said Professor Larned blinking through his glasses, then exclaimed: "But dear me, you've cut yourself!"

Webber's fingers were red. He left the statuette, then his hand went into the case. "There's not ask or something spilt on the velvet." he observed in a puzzled voice. He turned to Larned. "Will you excuse us a moment? There's something I want to show Mr Treadgold in my study."

I followed them outside.

"You got it back then?" cried our host when the door had closed behind us. Mr Treadgold's nod was very kind. "But that red ink?"

H.B. showed his fingers. They too were smeared with red. "It was you who put it back just now when the light went out" Webber demanded.

Mr Treadgold nodded almost imperceptibly. "You must let me have my little joke. Now if you'll rejoin your guests I want a word with my friend, George Duckett."

But, look here—" the professor was beginning.

"No questions was the arrangement." H.B. shut him up. "We'll be with you in a minute." So saying he pulled open the door thrust Webber inside and catching my arm lurly ran me upstairs to the drawing room.

Mrs Webber was just coming out. At the sight of us, she fell back a pace, quickly thrusting her hands behind her.

"Show me your hands, please!" Mr Treadgold said to her.

"What do you mean?" she faltered "Why should I show you my hands?"

You can show them either to me or to your husband madam" was the bleak rejoinder

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For a long moment she made no move, then slowly brought her right hand out from behind her back. The fingers were stained crimson even as her husband's as Mr. Treadgold's were. "So you got the ushabti back from your friend the Princess Murad Ali?" Mr. Treadgold demanded.

"You know?" she said in a shaking voice.

"I made it my business to know. Thoueris, the hippopotamus-headed goddess, is the protective deity of women in childbirth, they told me at the British Museum, and the princess gave birth to a son and heir the day before yesterday, didn't she?"

SHE bowed her head. "It's her first child and she's been married eight years. It meant so much to her to bear her husband a son, she persuaded him to let her come to London so that the baby might be born under the best possible conditions. Egyptian women have such faith in these charms, and after all this was the amulet of a great queen. The princess knew about the ushabti and begged me to lend it to her for a day or two until the child was born. I was sure it wouldn't be missed, especially as I put that copy in its place—I could have taken the copy, I suppose, but it seemed like cheating the poor thing. Then the baby was late in arriving and I only got the ushabti back yesterday."

"And you hadn't the chance to borrow that master key again?"

She shrank back aghast. "How did you discover that?"

"You took the key that night after the party while your husband was asleep, didn't you?"

She stared at him in terror. "Does my husband know?"

He shook his head. "Have no fear—your husband knows nothing and need know nothing. But the only fingerprints on the replica are his, showing that the thief must have handled it with gloves."

She bowed her head. "I remembered I mustn't leave any fingerprints."

"No one wore gloves at the party. Therefore it was evident to me that the substitution was effected, not while you were all in the museum, but at some later time that night. What decided you to put the ushabti back just now?"

"Mercia Day told me two days ago you'd be sending the valuers in tomorrow and I realised that the fraud was bound to be detected. Ever since yesterday I've carried the ushabti round with me, waiting for a chance to put it back. I was standing near the case when the light went out tonight—it seemed like a heaven-sent chance."

Mr. Treadgold chuckled. "It was hardly that, Mrs. Webber. I was virtually certain what had become of the ushabti, but I wanted to make sure. I got Miss Day to spread this completely unfounded rumor in order—forgive me—to force your hand. And a little stain on the velvet inside the case did the rest."

"Then it was Miss Day who put out the light?" I exclaimed.

He chuckled again. "The switch is by the door. I waited until all the group were bunched around us, then gave her the signal." He turned to Mrs. Webber. "Your secret is safe with me, madam. A little pumice-stone will take that red ink off your fingers. And may the blessing of Thoueris be with the little prince and his mother!"

He slipped his arm into mine. "Come, George, let's go back to the museum."

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 19

Journal is a thorn in the Tory side. In Toronto the Mail is gone forever with its dullness and its discipline, and there remain only the uncontrollable conscience and unique intractability of the Telegram.

So it goes, on through the prairies, right to the Coast. The Tribune in Winnipeg, the Journal in Edmonton, the Herald in Calgary, the Province in Vancouver—they are not Tory papers. Not Tory papers in the sense that J. W. Dafoe's Winnipeg Free Press is a Liberal paper or J. E. Atkinson's Toronto Star. It is the worst famine in party newspapers the Conservative Party has known. Mr. King, even though some of his press allies are dubious, is infinitely better off.

But let us now get back to the session. Apart from defense estimates, it will not be controversial. Mr. Howe will have his scheme to make the Trans-Canada air ways a sort of semi-public utility with the railways as partners. Mr. Rogers may have something about unemployment. Mr. Euler may have a trade treaty or two. Mr. King will have something to tell or propose about the expiring Ottawa agreements. Mr. Dunning may try again for his Loan Council, and of course will have his budget.

The budget will be better than expected. Mr. Dunning, with a lot more revenue than he thought he would have, will not balance his budget; he will get a lot nearer to balancing it than he estimated last March. His deficit at worst should not be more than $75,000,000, which will be a lot of millions less than his deficit last year, and some $25,000,000 less than Mr. Dunning expected.

There will be no new taxes—a few taxes may even come off—and no major tariff changes. There certainly will be no tariff changes upward. Whatever emerges eventually from the textile enquiry Mr. Justice Turgeon has been carrying on, one thing at least is certain. It has killed off hopelessly any efforts that any industry may make to get tariff increases, no matter how deserving. Low tariff men and free traders should call a monster meeting and pass a vote of thanks to whoever it was closed down that Quebec textile plant last winter, throwing hundreds out of employment. From the standpoint of high tariff advocates, that was a disaster.

The session, it is said, will finish in May. If it does it will be a miracle, a miracle hard on the orators but perhaps not so hard on the taxpayers.

A Girl and Two Strangers

Continued from page 9 Starts on page

white moved back slowly, inexorably, as the liner went down. She went with a long rhythmic crash of seas, a giant wave rolling out in a dilating circle, pounding over Dick's head, tossing him like a ball, trampling him down deep. The man clutching him lost his grip. Dick came up free. He could clear that lustful undertow now, his arms swinging unimpeded in long powerful strokes.

One by one, but within the space of a few seconds, the white blobs were rubbed out, the seas rolling over many upraised hands.

Dick heard Randy Burke's cry gurgling in a water-choked throat. Burke was floating backward, screaming. Dick turned like a seal and went for him. He flipped his long agile body up under the helpless hulk, his shoulder coming up just within reach of Burke's hand. Then he swam, using both arms, his head under, his legs in a scissors. He spent his strength in a desperate spurt.

He did not know whether they were drifting back or not. His heart pounded like a trip hammer, his lungs cramped and heaved, but neither blood nor air would restore his spent muscles. He was still wondering if that spurt had saved them when he saw stars coming up over the horizon. They arose, he noticed, ahead of him and on one side and behind, dim galaxies of them in multiple and ordered lines. It was not that the stars were going up where that light broke them; those other constellations were rising in the west and in the south. The universe was crazy. Or else it occurred to him as he sank, these would be the first rescue ships to stand by.

He went down trying to grasp the floating hulk he had been towing. But he could find nothing. He wondered if Burke had drowned. It was not likely. Burke had a life jacket that had kept his head and shoulders out of the water. He must be bobbing around somewhere in the slow run of the seas.

Dick relaxed, wondering why men were afraid to die. It was actually pleasurable, as he had heard once from someone who had almost drowned. But when he relaxed he floated upward again on his back, and the cold salt air whipped every nerve and cell in his body into a craving for life. He moved his arms, which were like waterlogged chunks of wood.

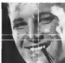
HE WAS on his back again, gazing upward into two stars which glowed with human life. The element in which he swung was not cold or salty. It was warm and comforting. It smelled of oil and onions and suki yaki. The air was not keen, but thick with sweetish smoke crossbanded by the glare from a swinging lamp. Above the fan of the lamp there was blue darkness very close and solid—and marked like a gridiron with the beams of a deck that terminated the world. The sky no longer existed.

The stars he became convinced were the eyes of a woman. They were the eyes of a woman who loved him.

A dark form behind her, pacing up and down, began to assume shape. It was Judy's father and he kept looking at Dick, his face red as a lobster, his lips sucking heatedly at a cigarette so that it made sparks. The old man saw Dick's eyes following him and he stopped and handed him a flask. The girl held it to Dick's lips. They did not seem at all surprised when he thanked them. He must have been mumbling to them for some time.

Other faces were floating in the thick air. There were forms, torsos beheaded by the shadow cast by the fan of that lamp. Lower in the light there was one close-cropped head with gopher teeth and bulging glasses. His smiles were actually audible, hissing through great teeth. He was a Japanese, no doubt about it.

One face, haggard and with deep-set blue eyes, hovered in the half dark. This was Randy Burke, dressed in dry dungarees and a pea jacket. A Japanese was holding some wet clothes up in front of him, emptying the pockets like a laundryman. He performed the same rite with another



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pile of clothes which Dick assumed vaguely must be his, since under his swaddling blankets he discovered himself nude.

"How did we all get here, and now that we're here, where is it?"

"It's the freighter that picked up a lot of the boats," Judy's father said casually. "It's a Jap freighter. Saved a lot of swimmers too."

Dick was staring blankly into the girl's eyes. He bridged a long distance in time and space, remembering.

"I love you too, Judy."

"I will dry clothes for your convenience," the Japanese messboy chuckled through his teeth. "Please to keep items of value." He got out the contents of the pockets and set them on a table, then went out with both sopping bundles.

But a moment later he came back.

"Here is item which I overlook in excitement," he apologized. "Which gentleman claim it?"

He handed a marconigram first to Randy Burke, who thought it might possibly be his, for he read the blurred water-soaked typing and noticed that it was from the prosecutor's office. He read the rest of it.

And then his hard blue eyes snapped down to Dick's. He could not hide that moment of amazement and disbelief. Nor could he have revealed what was in his mind more clearly than if he had said the words: "So you knew who I am. You knew it, even before you saved my life!"

But he did not say the words. He swallowed hard, then handed the paper to Dick.

Dick shook the haze from his memory. He looked up for the first time rannily. "I don't suppose you have any idea who the man is, the man this message tells about?" he asked.

Randy Burke's eyes shifted to the girl's. She was staring at him like a cat. The shipwreck and its interlude of revelations were over. Everyone had put on masks again.

"Yes, I do know who he is," Randy Burke said, "and I happen to know that he jumped when the ship was sinking. Remember a lot of 'em went under right after you and I jumped, Dick?"

"You mean," Judy cried exultantly, "Dick can forget that message? He's safe?"

Randy Burke nodded, looking Dick in the eyes.

"I mean," he said steadily, "the man who wanted to take your life went down with the ship."

Reply to Mr. Woollacott

Continued from page 15

argument, he advances the fact that all schools in Germany are now staffed by mature and trained men. At this blow we are finally forced to consider that perhaps Fuehrer Woollacott is right. Men could probably trounce children harder and with more permanent effect. Indeed the more one thinks about it the more it would seem like a good idea if Canada's standing army could be spared at intervals from their important and arduous duty to take a spell in the classroom. The children would wax much more rugged and could, for example, benefit by the individualism of bayonet drill at recess.

Amid his execrations, however, Reformer Woollacott has naïvely confessed that teacher training is the responsibility of educational authorities, who seemingly don't know what to do about a system that is gently sagging into a moribund state. It is decidedly high time that somebody realizes that it is this system that exactingly trains our teachers, only to strangle them immediately with petty political red tape.

It is also high time that a few zealots who imagine themselves educators by some divine dispensation of the gods should learn whereof they speak. Mr. Woollacott, for example, thunders the warning that "millions in the United States and Canada threw their economic caps over the windmill and went gadding after strange gods like Upton Sinclair in California, Huey Long in the South and Townsend and Coughlin all over the country." He also includes Aberhart in Alberta, who, strangely enough, was a rather well-known male teacher himself.

It must be remembered that our Provincial Governments decide what shall and what shall not be taught in the schools and scrupulously train the teachers how to do it. No simple and sensible presentation of political and economic problems has ever been thought of in school curricula; it is left to seep through into history courses that make boring biased archeological mention of conditions that obtained in the last century. Furthermore let one sincere teacher be caught properly appraising any one of Canada's leaders, and presently he or she will be looking for another job.

Overburdened With Detail

TEACHERS are bound to a curriculum which is mapped out by Government officialdom and administered by locally elected school boards which often enough comprise prospering tradesmen and politically minded meddlers who immediately brandish their unaccustomed influence by inventing new rules in their game of "schoolhouse." Individual teaching initiative is usually stillborn because such enterprise is usually castigated as some new sort of frill, if not actually construed by these good burghers to be Bolshevik propaganda.

These school boards in each municipality variously interpret the Government's wise pronouncements, select their own teachers and saddle them from the start with their own regulations. The principals—with a political eye on capricious Home and School clubs—then superimpose their personalities on the picture by devising further local rules of procedure and conduct.

To illustrate what actually happens, let us take a typical school in the Toronto area. The school board issues a list of fifty-one rules and regulations for teachers before the education of children is considered, and before the principal proclaims his local codes. Here are, therefore, but a few of the duties shovelled upon the members of that school staff. Besides the disciplining and the thumping of educational prescriptions into avid, stupid and fractious heads alike, they have reports to be sent to each home desk, reports to record each child's marks by the month and by the year, attendance registers to be balanced every month. Absentee slips must be filled in if a child is absent for two days, and a further special attendance form must be inscribed if his parents can't afford a telephone and his playmates can't find him. A file must be kept of excuses for absence so that the monthly register can disclose whether the dereliction is unavoidable or frivolous. If a pupil leaves the room during a class session his departure and arrival must be checked in a special book, so that possible property damage may be properly settled on the culprit.

The A.D.P. card is the latest innovation designed to improve the country's intellectual standards. This is a record which is commenced from the time the child is first inducted into the kindergarten and is quite distinct from ordinary registration. The A.D.P. card must bear the name, address, age, sex, place of birth, name of parent or guardian, his place of birth, occupation, religious denomination, etc., etc. This card must accompany the child all through school and record each promotion mark and every medical inspection and finding. Teachers would not at all be surprised were it presently decreed that the date of each birth and haircut must also be registered.

Teachers must furthermore daily describe in a "plan book" what they figure on doing the following day for the edification of the school inspector. They are required to have the room temperature "recorded on the blackboard and in a book kept for that purpose at 9 and 9.15 a.m. and at such other times as the temperature may vary from the standard set in Subsection 8 hereof." They must also make careful record of the details of every corporal punishment in another book provided by the board. Even discipline is prettily hedged by authority, among whose interminable admonitions to teachers is the following rule: "Avoid such methods of punishment as shaking, pulling the ear, slapping the hand, striking with a pointer, or hitting a pupil without warning."

Teachers, of course, shoulder such responsibilities as fire drill and basement yard and stair duty to bolster discipline and quell incipient riots. They spend rapturous holidays correcting examination papers. But this, alas, is not all. They are expected to be responsible by remote control for their pupils' conduct and welfare in transit to and from the home. They are required to appear at all school functions and, like ministers, to be the first to respond cheerfully to every charitable appeal. To crown the whole business, teachers dare have about as much private life as a canary. They must be exemplary of conduct and zealous of routine, for they have more cavilling critical bosses than any other profession in the world. The current vogue for general meddling with education really bestows upon the teacher a special boss for each and every pupil.

Editor's Note: Further reply to Mr. Woollacott in the form of letters from readers will be published in an early issue of Maclean's.

Matter of Fact

By HENRY ASHBERY

Italy has embarked on a giant campaign against profanity. "For the honor of your country do not blaspheme" is a notice which may be read in every tram car and in public places throughout Italy.

—

The fairies in the west of Ireland are still a living force in the lives of the people. In Connemara some parents dress their boys in girls' clothing until they have reached the age of seven. Dressed thus, they are in no danger of being taken by the fairies, who have no use for girls.

—

Londonderry was originally called Derry, an Irish name meaning an oak wood. There is a record of the oak wood as late as 1146, when sixty trees were thrown down by a

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OVERNIGHT FROM NEW YORK

word "The addition of "London" was made when Ulster was planted by James I and Derry and the adjoining country divided among the London Guilds. The chief topic in Derry is politics. History says that the siege lasted 105 days. Nothing of the sort. It began on April 26 1689 and has been going on ever since. In the matter of hospitality, the people of the compass are interchangeable in Ireland and it is impossible to tell whether you are in Derry or Cork.

—

Along the coast of Borneo may be seen large floating islands, covered with their natural vegetation and teeming with wild life. During torrential rains when the flood water from the rivers rises to a great height and gains a terrific impetus on its seaward rush, portions of the land, sometimes as great as 100 acres, are uprooted and rush down to the sea. On the larger floating islands there are always colonies of starving monkeys, and the undergrowth shelters snakes of the python species that prey upon them. Nothing can be done for the screaming, chattering, absurdly human-like little monkeys.

—

The postmaster of the village of Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia, recently completed his term of service, seventy years on that post. He has lived three ninety-three years. The sum of the years of life of the postmaster's twelve brothers and sisters exceeds a thousand years.

—

The dog is mentioned eighteen times in the Bible. The cat not even once.

Maclean's Crossword Puzzle

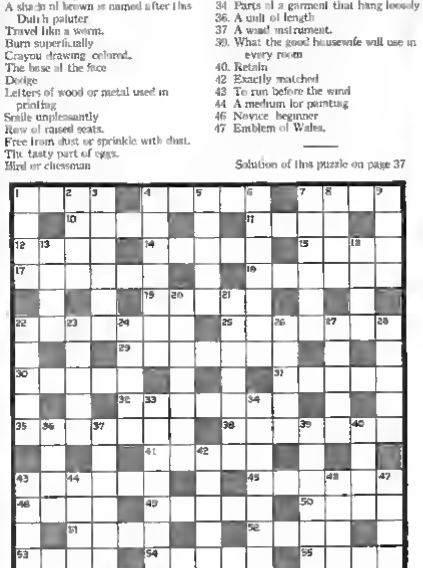
Across

1 A South Ontario county
4 A regular visitor from space
7 To cut hair close
10 Perform ablutions.
11 Actor's part
12 Pleaded.
14 Sharp
15 These seldom justify the means."
17 The perfect tense
18. Sentinel
19 The lower world
22. A mineral occurring in crystalline masses (The shorter of two spellings)
25 Sons of a brother or sister
29 Ambassador's official residence
30 Discolor
31. A good sportsman needs to be a good ——
32 Result of crossing the buffalo with the domestic cow
35 Undissembling
38 A shade of brown as named after this Dutch paluter
41 Travel like a worm.
43 Burn superficially
45 Crayon drawing, colored.
48 The base of the face
49 Dodge
50 Letters of wood or metal used in printing
51 Smile unpleasantly
52 Row of raised seats.
53 Free from dust or sprinkle with dust.
54 The tasty part of eggs.
55 Bird or chessman

Down

1 Insect or chrysalis stage
2 Lady sheep helps to make a pitcher
3 Implements for lords.
4 Capital of Kent County, Ontario.
5. An artificial hillock
6. Locks without keys.
7 Better to open the hand than to ——— the fist
8. A tear
9. Small botanist
13. Accumulated learning
16. Drag
20. Judge in a dispute.
21 Bring into slavery
22. Man's natural weapons.
23. Acquire knowledge
24 Coppers.
26 Artificial farming point set for a turn
27. Attempt.
28 Translation of the verb to *"Tick Dient."*
33 This old Hun sport is still practiced
34 Parts of a garment that hang loosely
36. A unit of length
37 A wood instrument.
39. What the good housewife will use in every room
40. Retain
42 Exactly matched
43 To run before the wind
44 A medium for painting
46 Novice beginner
47 Emblem of Wales.

Solution of this puzzle on page 37



Pains All Over His Body

Kruschen Made Him Feel a New Man

Read the experience of this man who had rheumatism so badly that at times he was prevented from working —

About 10 months ago" he writes, "I suffered terribly with rheumatism and neuritis. The pains were all over my body and some days I could not even get up from bed to go to work. A friend visited me and suggested that I should try Kruschen Salts. I did so, the result being that the pains seemed to gradually disappear. I have been going to work ever since without a break, thanks to Kruschen Salts and I feel a new man. —A. R.

Rheumatic conditions are frequently the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts are notable for their work in dissolving uric acid. Other ingredients assist Nature to expel the dissolved acid from the system.

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Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and 1 cup of water for a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. Get a 2½ ounce bottle of Pinex from any druggist, put it into a 16 ounce bottle and fill up with your sugar syrup. This saves you making a pint, which is more than enough for your purpose, and is a very effective remedy for coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes fine.

This splendid remedy has a three-fold action. It quickens the irritated membranes, loosens the phlegm and helps to clear the air passages. Thus it makes breathing easy and lets you get restful sleep.

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Getting Your Gifts Going

By M. FRANCES HUCKS
Director of Chatelaine Institute

Electrical cooking appliances make excellent Christmas gifts



Waffle Iron and Bread Toaster—Hotpoint Co., Ltd. Coffee Maker—Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd. Table Appointments courtesy T. Eaton Co., Ltd.

IT'S A Happy New Year for any housekeeper who found a piece of electrical equipment among her Christmas gifts.

Not only are these lifeless servants on call any hour of the day or night, but they make work lighter and entertaining practically effortless. So their proud possessor gets them going and is off to a good start for 1937.

Whatever it is from a complete air-conditioning system down to a simple electric bulb—it will give best results when treated with respect and used with judgment and common sense. Stoves, refrigerators, washing machines, ironers, vacuum cleaners—any of these larger mechanically operated labor-savers which may have been strangers to your house until now must have reasonable co-operation on your part. So study and follow the instructions for use and care which accompany the product—it's the least you can do in order to earn the satisfaction you're going to have. But it's the smaller devices, those pieces which become regular pets in the household which inspired us to write an article about your Christmas gifts.

First, there's the new coffee-making device to consider. Did you get one of those swanky glass ones that make such marvellous coffee and look so intriguing while it's brewing? If you did, you and your family are due for a long series of cheerful mornings and your home is more than likely to become the favorite rendezvous when eats are in order after an evening of fun somewhere.

These coffee makers are quite simple to operate—when you follow directions. A finely ground coffee gives best results, and a nicely rounded tablespoonful for each cup is the usual amount. In caring for the coffee maker remember that glass will break—even heat-proof glass—so don't subject it to too-sudden changes of temperature or place any of the parts where they may get knocked. In this connection you might be interested to know that a small bottle is very convenient place in which to put the upper bowl when we remove it from the lower one. Keep all the parts scrupulously clean and treat the little cable stove as you would any other electrical device. The surface may be wiped off with a damp cloth when necessary but no water should touch the element.

And don't forget that very excellent tea can be made in these gadgets, too.

Possibly it was a 1937 model percolator which appeared among your gifts. Another guarantee of good coffee throughout the year especially if you treat your grand right. Use a medium grind of your favorite coffee and put in one generous tablespoonful for each cupful. Hot or cold water as you wish, and five to eight minutes of gentle percolating. Then steaming deliciously flavored coffee for every needy. The percolator needs thorough washing after each time of using but because it contains an electric element it cannot be immersed in the water. Use a thin, long handled brush for cleaning the spout, rinse in hot water, dry well and leave open to air. Occasionally put water and one or two teaspoonfuls of soda in the pot and let it "perk" for a few minutes. Repeat with clear water, rinse and dry.

Automatic Toasters

TOASTERS this year are as simple or as grand as you please and give you just a maximum of satisfaction with a minimum of care. Automatic toasters which pop up at first of perfectly browned toast are much toasters which may also serve as a table grill and toaster sets were favorite gifts this year. Those toaster sets, complete with board and knife tray, dishes for spreads and even with a folding table, are certainly wonderful entertaining aids and such smart looking ensembles as well.

Bread for toast or toasted sandwiches is best if at least one day old cut to any thickness you like—thin for crisp dry toast, fairly thick if you like to have the inside soft.

To keep the new toaster in good condition brush off the crumbs with a round, soft bristled brush and wipe off the bright nickel or chrome with a damp cloth. If you are careless enough to leave the toaster plugged in so that it overheats, you are apt to darken the bright finish, so be careful. And your reward is a shining servant which helps efficiently at breakfast at afternoon tea at late suppers, or in the kitchen to make toast fingers for soup accompaniment or triangles on which to serve some creamed mixture.

If yours is one which toasts sandwiches, try one of these.

(1) Arrange thinly sliced cooked chicken on one of buttered bread, sprinkle with grated Roquefort cheese and a dash of paprika, cover with a second slice of buttered toast.

(2) Spread slices of bread with anchovy paste, arrange small drained sardines and thinly sliced hard cooked egg over the paste, put the slices together and toast.

A waffle iron Christmas gift has a hundred and nine possibilities if you'll make use of them. First don't store your iron in some inaccessible corner. Second have a convenient electrical outlet for it in the dining room and in the kitchen. (This hint goes for many of the other electrical servants.) Third collect waffle recipes including waffle sandwiches, sauces for waffles, etc. and fourth before you use it for the first time oil the surface of the new waffle iron with unsalted vegetable oil. Heat the iron enough to burn off the excess oil, bake one waffle and discard it, and you have paved the way for years of waffles with no sticking and no further greasing. Of course you have to be sure that the iron never gets too hot and also that it gets hot enough. (The handy indicator will tell you.) Clean the griddle by brushing off crumbs with a wire brush and wiping with a clean cloth. Leave the iron open until it is quite cold, then close it to keep the dust from getting in. And here are a suggestion or two to start you off—or keep you going.

Add finely diced cooked ham to waffle batter and serve hot with scrambled eggs.

Add cheese to the waffle batter and serve hot with broiled tomatoes and bacon.

Put two sections of chocolate waffle together with vanilla ice cream.

Vary the waffle accompaniments — maple syrup, honey, jam, marmalade, lemon or orange sauce, crushed pineapple or strawberry and ice creamy apricot sauce, coffee sauce. Also add a little spice to the batter. Or if your taste runs to savory flavors, experiment with undiluted canned soups. Mushroom or tomato soup with a bit of chopped onion and green pepper lightly browned in butter and added are two ideas for you.

And remember that you can make up waffle batter ahead of time and keep it in a pitcher in the refrigerator ready to pour.

It is wise, family that chooses an electric mixer as one of mother's Christmas gifts. Such a family is about to begin a year of meals where the sauces are smoother the cakes lighter the soups fluffier, omelets puffier and mother's smile cheerier.

And in between times mother has a grand time making cakes with little or no effort topping it with an icing so light and fluffy that it is a joy to behold. She is going to love serving perfectly smooth mashed potatoes. She is going to produce smooth creamy mayonnaise without calling Teddy from his new book to add the oil drop by drop while she beats laboriously. She's going to serve plenty of those professional-looking whips and soufflés for dessert and (look out for the waistline) there's not to be whipped cream on more of the pies and puddings.

And the beauty of the mixer is that it needs very little attention. Just wipe off the surface with a damp cloth, wash the bowls and beaters and other detachable parts as you do other dishes, and give the motor a bit of oil periodically according to the directions which accompany the article. Attach it on a convenient place in the kitchen and that's all.—*The End*

So You're in the Market

Continued from page 10

who is looking for big profits. The corporation or individual controlling large sums of money is content with small percentage profits.

One of the most successful of Canadian market men has built a private fortune by maintaining the utmost respect for the small profit and the odds of the mining game

A Form Chart

A FORM CHART is not an infallible clue to the winning horse. Neither would a mining form chart if one were possible be an infallible clue to the winning stock. But it would help.

Let's see what sort of form chart we could draw up for mining.

(1) In a mining form chart stress is laid on the owner or manager of the horse. More than ever, in this important industry

This does not mean of course that a capable management can make a mine out of a moose pasture. But a good management can, and does see, that your hard-earned money actually is spent in development work at the property, and not all on Bay St. James or West Prader Streets. Moreover a good management will see that this development is directed along economical and effective lines.

It should never be forgotten that Lake Shore Mines, the greatest gold mine on this continent was brought into production with no authorized capitalization of only 2 000 000 shares, $1 par

How can the layman tell a capable management from an incapable one? Only by investigation. If you don't trust your broker to help you on this, there are in Canada established financial journals whose records can give a very good indication as to the background of the men who are behind any organization

(2) If the management is capable, the company's capital will be spent on development. You may be able to obtain from the company if it has been in operation for some time an audited income and expenditure account which will tell you how the directors have spent other people's money

(3) Capital structure is important. Is the authorized capitalization unnecessarily large? Remember Lake Shore and its 2 000 000 shares. If more than half of the authorized capitalization has gone for vendor's stock and bonuses, tread lightly. Ask for proof that the vendor's stock is pooled and is not free to oppress the market when the property is put into shape for production

(4) How about the product? Gold of course, has a ready market. But if the product is lower grade what is the outlook for it?

(5) How about the location of the property in regard to transportation, power and possibly other producing mines? Has the area been proved to be favorable to the deposition of minerals? If not the speculative element is obviously much greater

(6) What is the history of this particular property? Today with gold at $35 per ounce many properties which formerly were not commercial successes have a chance. Perhaps however the property has been used for years as a meal ticket by the promoter

(7) Development results cover a wide and complex field and call for an extension treatment beyond the scope of an article of this nature. Even the rawest of raw prospects however some work will have to be done before stock is offered the public. This might only consist of stripping, or trenching the vein which simply means uncovering the vein on surface from the overlying bush and soil.

If the engineering fraternity will just look the other way for a minute we can conjure a vein to the barn in an upturned sandwich. By trenching and stripping the length of the vein its width, and its average value on surface can be ascertained. Obviously the narrower a vein is, the richer it must be to pay a profit on underground mining.

This brings us to the question of samples or assays. To the seasoned speculator grab samples, which are samples picked at random or with an eye to richness mean little. Grab samples are like ungraded eggs something but what? The only reliable assays are channel assays, obtained by chipping small channels across the width of the vein at regular intervals, and assaying them

Prospective purchasers should insist on finding out whether assays quoted by the salesman are from channel samples or grab samples.

So much for the surface. It is of course only a beginning. But if one buys stock in a company whose property has seen only the above work the chances of success are much less than in a more developed property. On the other hand the return on one's money if the property is successful is greater

Given the above requirements one should be able to look one's wife square in the face even if the property is a failure

"My dear you can say calmly "at least we have had a run for our money"

THE NEXT STEP of course, in drilling in order to find out how the vein behaves at depth. Another note of warning should be sounded here. In the past, particularly last summer and fall, too much faith has been engendered in the public by an assays from a few drill cores. Drilling does not prove the downward continuation of the vein. It merely indicates it, which is a different thing altogether.

Regard for the feelings of a large group of Canadian speculators prevents us from cautioning the fans of the British Columbia property which affords such a splendid example of the fallacy of depending too much on drill results.

In this particular case drilling had shown a wonderful enrichment at depth. Immediately shaft sinking was started. Up went the stock. Down went the shaft, down to the point where the drill had cut high values. They found the high values all right, one little pocket of them lying cradled in miles and miles of rock. There was not enough to pay even the cost of the shaft.

Many cases could be cited to prove the unreliability of drill cores. The prospective shareholder should make sure that the drilling has been comprehensive and systematic enough to warrant any proposed shaft sinking.

After getting the shaft down the lateral work in a well-directed company will be aimed at outlining or blocking out enough ore to justify a mill. Some promoters, knowing the effect of a mill announcement on the market will make much ado about building a mill long before it is justified. Usually in Canada it is thought advisable to have at least two years supply ahead of the mill.

If a property gets under way with a mill (paid for) and at least two years ore supply blocked out, 75 per cent of its troubles are over and it should be in a position to pay back to the shareholder at least the amount of money he paid for his original stock. The public then can estimate the approximate value of the stock on a yield basis. There is still of course the element of speculation. Even if the ore reserves are beyond question there remain such uncertainties as the future price of the metal, rising costs, labor and geological troubles, with which the shareholder can amuse himself during the long winter evenings.

If mining is to be an industry and not a National Obsession as it has tended to be in the past few months it will need a sane approach. If you approach it in the same manner as you would a game of Bingo at a hall for it will have an equivalent respect for your purse.

How to Ski

Continued from page 22

within your own ability. You must learn the beginning be the master of the speed and direction of the skis. Fall as much as you wish when it's your own fault but don't let them run you off into such painful indignities as barbed-wire and brambles. The first lesson therefore. To learn about ski control is

The "Snowplow"

THE SNOWPLOW is the mechanical keystone of all ski technique and its purpose is to reduce your downhill running speed. Learn and practice it until it virtually becomes a sort of second nature before you attempt anything else. Not only will you be spared many freezing bruises but you will more intelligently understand and master the skiing turns to come.

The "snowplow" is obviously named because you widen the inside edges of the skis to set up a resistance against the snow.

Start out by running down a moderate slope. After gaining fair speed press your knees forward and at the same time quickly and resolutely thrust apart your ski heels farm me behind you. Keep your legs rigid your weight equally distributed on both feet *and the ski tips close together*. You will continue to slide forward but at diminishing speed. The heels must always be widely divergent where possible in the

Solution of the crossword puzzle on page 34

P	E	E	L		C	O	M	E	T		C	R	O	D
U	W	A	S	H		O	L	E		O				
P	L	E	D		A		C	U	T	E	N	D	S	
A	Q	R	I	S	T		S	E	N	T	R	Y		
R	E	N	A	D	E		C	I	A					
F	E	L	S	P	A	R		N	E	P	N	E	W	S
I	E		E	M	B	A	S	S	Y		S	E		
S	T	A	I	N		I	L	L		L	O	S	E	R
T	R		C	A	T	A	L	O		A	V			
S	I	N	C	E	R	E		V	A	N	D	Y	K	E
	N	O		C	R	E	E	P		U	E			
S	C	O	R	C	H		O		P	A	S	T	E	L
C	H	I	N		E	L	U	D	E		T	Y	P	E
U	L	E	E	R		A		T	I	E		R	E	
D	U	S	T		Y	O	L	K	S		R	O	O	K

Great Coronation Dramas

Continued from page 11

Presbyterian appearance of the Abbey "kirk" with its plain table instead of "altar". To please Anglican tastes, two candles and a crucifix were placed on the table and some of the Presbyterians present annoyed their divines by genuflecting to the crucifix. When Laud angrily pushed the black-coated bishop of Brechin away from the king's side there seemed every prospect of an ugly scene, but Charles just prevented this.

When returning to Edinburgh from Perth the king was the horrified witness of a terrible accident in the Forth. A boat containing thirty-five of the most trusted domestics capsized and thirty three of them were drowned.

"What an end to my coronation festivities!" Charles sadly exclaimed that evening in Holyrood and the tragedy cast a heavy gloom over him for a long time.

The Westminster Abbey coronation of Charles I was the last in which were used the ancient regalia of England which dated from the time of Alfred the Great. After the execution of Charles the Commonwealth Parliament sold the whole regalia after breaking it up, for a mere song. In many ways, therefore the coronation of Charles I was outstanding. The "martyred king" found his English and Scottish crowns really thorny ones, and in the end the noble-shaped head that had been held so proudly at Westminster and Holyrood rolled in the dust of a Whitehall scaffold.



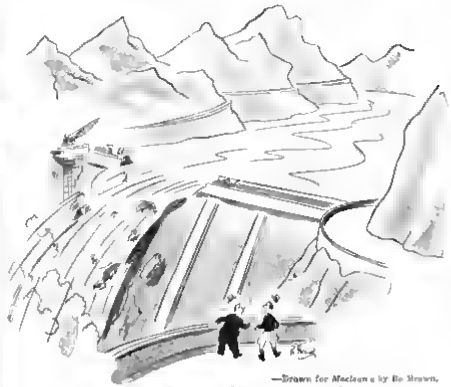


Last season more than 10,000 visitors from the Dominion of Canada enjoyed a winter vacation in sunny St. Petersburg. This year even more will come. Why don't you plan to come too? St. Petersburg is a delightful city with a remarkably fine climate. A conservative community in many respects, yet abounding in those opportunities which make life rich and happy. A great variety of sport and recreation... a wide chance of entertainment, a fine spirit of hospitality combine to make St. Petersburg the popular winter resort of Florida's Gulf Coast. Write today for free illustrated booklets. Address G. S. Scott, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, St. Petersburg, Florida.

ST. PETERSBURG — FLORIDA



Wit and Wisdom



—Drawn for Maclean's by Bo Brown.

"My gosh, Jukes, do you think we can hush this up?"

In Fewer Words

Worse Than Grasshoppers—It was reported recently in the local press that a plague of elephants had descended on the northern areas of South West Africa.—*Empire Review*

But Will He Succeed?—Heard of one local man who is planning to save on his fuel bill this year by making his women folk to wear woollen underwear.—Welland Port Colborne *Tribune*.

Still Plenty of Chances—The only way to prevent hatred of the upper class is to restore everybody's chance to get in it.—*Literary Digest*.

Movie Modesty—"After all," writes a critic, "what is the average routine film to an experienced producer?" Put briefly,—a challenging soul-shattering super colossal epic.—*Punch*.

Can It Purr?—One E. G. Pryce, returning from Russia declared that Soviet scientists have bred a hairless dog by crossing a Siberian wolfhound with an Australian dingo.—*Time*

The Pacifists?—Alas! So many people love peace because they wish to meddle without getting what they deserve.—Calgary *Albertan*.

Magazine Ads Are Cheaper—A factory where fire-lighters were manufactured was burned to the ground. A terrible blow for the proprietor—but think of the advertisement!—Regina *Leader Post*

Opening for College Graduates—A good job is offered in January on a gentleman's farm to two country loving girls—sisters or friends preferably college trained—one as poultry and dairy maid (two cows and butter making) the other as chauffeur, gardener.—*The Times* (London)

Rough Treatment—The humanitarians will have to admit that the Spaniards don't treat their bulls any worse than they treat early other.—*Literary Digest*

Salty Last—A hundred lives are lost each day in the United States, in motor vehicle accidents.—*Review of Reviews*

Love Test—An official of the American Automobile Association suggests that a girl try on her hand in a traffic jam before she takes the final step. A good idea at that. If he drives with care and keeps his mind on his work, he doesn't love her much.—*The New Yorker*

Always a Drawback—A Canadian electrical expert says television will keep the farm boys down on the farm. Not when they see how cute the city girls are.—Edmonton *Bulletin*.

Ten Are Enough—The average married man doesn't have a great deal of trouble keeping the Ten Commandments but he does wish someone would tell his wife there are only ten.—Alameda (Sask.) *Dispatch*

Lipstick War—Japanese government has established a monopoly in lipstick and rouge and expects to make a profit out of calling women to the colors.—Toronto *Telegram*

How Smart Are You?

Puzzle No. 19

Mr. Cox, learning that Mr. Hicks was going off on a sabbatical leave, went to him and offered to rent his home for a year. Mr. Cox said, "I like your place and will pay for it liberally. I will give you ten dollars per day for the entire year or a cent for the first day, two cents for the second, and double the amount each day for a month. Which do you prefer?

Which offer should Mr. Hicks have accepted?

—*Puzzle by arrangement with The Lenaire League of America*

Solution next issue.

Answer to Puzzle No. 18

Problem — There are two books standing side by side. Volume 1 and Volume 2. Each book is an inch thick without the bindings and the bindings are each ½ inch thick. A worm eats its way from Page 1 of Volume 1 to the last page of Volume 2.

How far did he eat his way?

½ inch. When if the two books stand side by side, the front cover of Volume 1 is next to the back cover of Volume 2. And since each binding is ½ inch thick, the covers would be ½ inch.

Hide and Seek—It looks like a hard winter ahead for some local wives. They've been campaigning for new fur coats but have found their husbands' hides pretty thick.—Viking (Alta.) *News*

Civilization in Spain—The culmination of two thousand years of Christian civilization is that we kill women and children in an effort to terrorize men.—*Prince Rupert News*

That's Telling Us—There are two kinds of men who never amount to anything: one who cannot do as he is told, and the other who can do nothing else.—Rosetown *Eagle*.

A Bit Sarcastic What?—The poor are absolutely necessary. How would a country get any revenue if all of the voters were rich?—Kitchener *Record*

Tricks of the Trade In—If the dealer drives it 500 miles it is nicely broken in. If you drive it fifty miles it's a used car.—Guelph *Mercury*



—Drawn for Maclean's by Frank Beaven.

"And I told the wife to send me a file!"



—Drawn for Maclean's by Lloyd Peter.

Intimate Glimpse of Industry No. 27, installing elevators.

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

Golfer's Predicament—A and B were having a round of golf and were both searching for A's ball which was lost in the rough.

After a minute or two A says: "I got my ball."

Now what ought B to do, knowing all the time that he has A's ball in his pocket?—Fort William *Times Journal*.

A Real Test—"I'm a very determined man, and I can do anything I decide to do."

"Have you ever tried to slam a revolving door?"—Toronto *Globe and Mail*.

Compensation—"The football coach must get a bigger salary than you do," remarked the visitor to the professor. "Do you think that is fair?"

"Well, perhaps not, but I'll be here next year and the way the team is losing the coach won't."—Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph*.

The Influence of Sport—Teacher: "Yes, Johnny, Lapland is rather thinly populated."

Johnny: "How many laps to the mile, teacher?"—Morden (Man.) *Times*

Proof—Father came downstairs carrying his jacket over his arm. He looked hard at his wife and then at his son.

"That boy has taken money from my pocket," he stormed.

Henry," she ejaculated, "how can you say that? Why it might have been me."

Father shook his head.

"No, my dear," he replied, "it wasn't you. There was some left."—Moncton *Transcript*

Hard on the Horse—A hard-up sportsman bought a hunter and put off payments for a time. When a week or two later he met the man who sold him the horse, he tried to shuffle out of the bargain.

"I am not satisfied with that animal," he said.

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the seller.

"Well, it won't hold its head up," said the sportsman.

"Oh, that's all right, sir, it's for pride. Just you wait till he's past for"—Winnipeg *Tribune*

The Fan

The Fan is a peculiar person
Whom wishes rarely put a curse on
So that, all down his weary years
His cheers and cheers, and cheers, and cheers,
Except when things are going badly
For his home team. Then shouting madly
The Fan, bowed down by barking cares
Just swears, and swears and swears and swears.
Scorn not The Fan. On this thought ponder
Right where'er you live or ever yonder
Cheering or swearing, all his days.
He pays, and pays, and pays, and pays.

—Fredrick Edwards

With Best Wishes—An Indian student writing a letter to the superintendent of a mission desired to end with the words "May heaven preserve you." Not being quite confident of the meaning of "preserve" he looked up a dictionary. When the letter reached the superintendent it ended with the words "And may heaven pickle you."—Montreal *Herald*

Catty Retribution—Cramer: "Where can Harold be?"

Jarvis: "Why?"

Cramer: "He's been trying for a week to lose his cat and as a last resort he took her up in a plane this morning. He said he would take her up three thousand feet and drop her over the side."

Jarvis: "Well, what is there to worry about?"

Cramer: "Lets. Harold isn't home yet, and the cat is."—Edmonton *Bulletin*.



—Drawn for Maclean's by Bo Brown.

"Waiter, there's a hair in my soup!"



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Address .....



Parade

IT HAPPENED to a Canadian newspaperman on a recent assignment in Peoria Illinois, where at least one old time saloon and honky tonk still flourishes.

Royally entertained by his hosts who were officials of the largest distillery in the U. S., the Canadian expressed a wish to see something of the much touted "gangster section" of the city. He was dismayed with tall tales of Peoria having one of the toughest gangster populations in the States etc. but curiosity finally overcame discretion and he slipped away from the official party.

Sauntering through a dimly lighted and decidedly hard-boiled section of the city the newspaperman finally discovered a saloon in the style of the eighties, complete with bar, gambling machines and an assorted variety of unwashed humanity of both sexes.

He made his way to the bar ordered a beer and then to his amazement read a soap-written sign scrawled on the mirror behind the bar. It said—

"Moose meat—25 cents per portion."

Still puzzled over the sale of moose meat, hundreds of miles south of the Canadian border, the scribe ordered a portion.

It turned out to be lamb stew and the Canadian had the temerity to mention the fact to the bartender.

There was an ominous silence pregnant with approaching disaster, and it was not relieved in any extent when the bartender slowly leaned across the mahogany.

In slow unmistakable tones he said, "That there is moose meat—you'll eat it—an' you'll LIKE it."

Still horrified with the hospitality of a festive afternoon and evening, the Canadian toasted the dish was lamb stew.

Another minute passed and visions of Tommy guns, pineapples, blackjacks and knuckle-dusters flashed through the Canadian's mind. Across the floor strolled the toughest, biggest and most pugnacious man in the room. He was obviously the owner-manager-bouncer. He blocked the only exit.

"So yuh don't like our moose meat?" he asked the newspaperman.

"Oh it's fine," the latter replied, "but somehow I've lost my appetite."

It must have been the accent, because suddenly the bouncer's expression changed. "You from Canada?" he asked. The newspaperman admitted he was.

And then the blow fell. It shattered any vestige of awe the Canadian might have had regarding the ferocity of American gangsters.

"I see," the hard-bitten one explained in semi apologetic tones. "I was up in Canada about a month ago. I shot a moose up there and about three weeks ago I sold the last of it. These here punks don't know no difference at four o'clock in the morning, but for the luvva Pete don't talk no local."

Five minutes later the Canadian was in a cab on his way back to the hotel. Still ringing in his ears were the parting words of the honky tonk proprietor.

They were: "A cab, did yuh say sir?—O.K. I'll get yuh one in justa minnit."

♦

Grey Owl, pal of the Canadian beaver, recently lectured Toronto's Empire Club on eating. Told how good unpalatable-sounding things can taste when a hungry man is lost in the wilderness. Discussing the talk afterward—a man who spent last summer in Northern Alberta near Frog Lake told us that for years he had believed that an Indian would eat anything, but that up North he had learned



differently. They won't eat anything that remotely resembles a snake.

There's an Indian reservation near Frog Lake. Bordering it is Fishing Lake, a body of water crammed with big pike. They run in weight from twenty to thirty pounds. But the Indians wouldn't catch them. They want after white fish and muskies, but the pike no.

Our informant curious, asked an old chief why.

The chief said: "Pike—hum dirty fish."

The questioner wanted to know why again. The chief got rather agitated and explained that the pike was known to eat snakes and thus were all the same snake.

♦

Wonder what Canadian Scots have been telling the *Radio Guide*, which in listing programs for Monday, November 30 (Saint Andrew's Day) said:—

CBC—St. Andrew's Day Broadcast. Lord Tweedsmuir and L. W. Brockington, speakers.

♦

Advertising the film "San Francisco," a Williamsburg Ontario movie theatre announced: "The Only *Authentic* Moving Pictures of the San Francisco Earthquake."

♦

Then there was the Ottawa theatre which heralded its double bill with two giant posters. "Dante's Inferno" and "Snowed Under."

♦

Advertisement clipped from the Edmonton Journal:

SET of Nursing Text Books wanted; used hospital training course. If unable part with same might arrange to take nurse along with same. Box 516 *Journal*.

♦

A Taber, Alberta, schoolteacher set the class a task question taken from promotion tests for lower grades. It was: "Write a letter addressed to yourself telling three things about a pet that you have."

One of the pupils began:

"Dear Me—I want to tell me about my pet."

He explained afterward that he couldn't understand why he should be telling himself about his own dog.

♦

For years a funeral parlor was established near the corner of Bank Street and Argyle Avenue, Ottawa. Not long ago it moved. A week or so later passers by were intrigued to find that the sombre appearance of the place had undergone a change. Bright curtains and gay coloring and on the window, in large gilt letters—

"PHYSICAL CULTURE INSTITUTE—
Build Up Your Body."

♦

We know a man from a city somewhere on the Baltic who has just decided definitely to keep the Atlantic between him and the turmoil of Europe by becoming a Canadian citizen. He told his friends in Winnipeg the other day that he was going to the *circus* court to take out his *neutralization* papers.

♦

Vancouver City Police boast a certain traffic officer who is the joy of Western Canada. Round rubicund and weighing considerably more than a couple of hundred pounds he is among the most highly regarded of officials.

An incident humorous to light which may help to explain why.

A certain well known businessman of Vancouver, known to his associates as "Goldie," lost his rear license plate of his car. He got a member of his office staff to copy it on cardboard—a very creditable performance save on close examination.

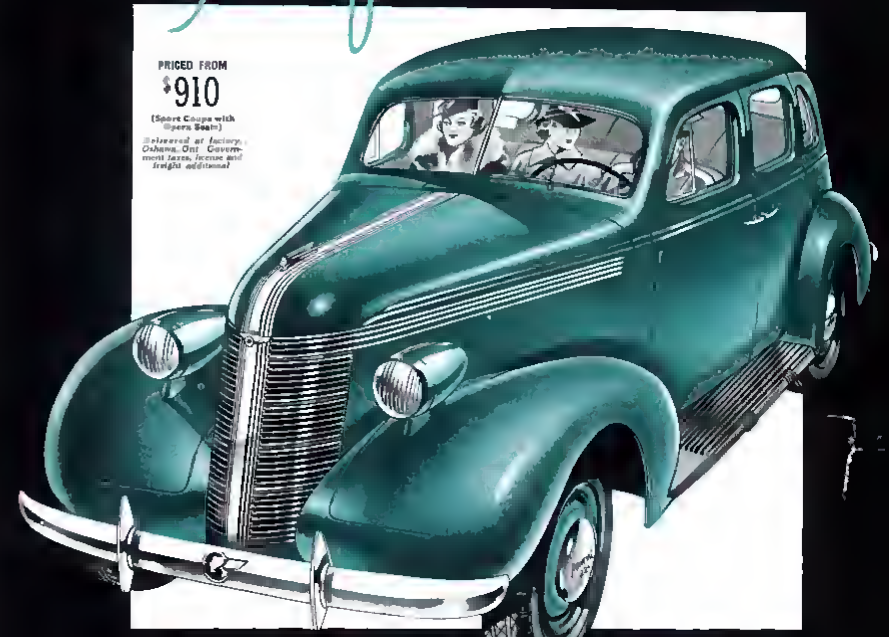
Sergeant M—— phoned him several times suggesting it were well to get another number plate. "Goldie" pleaded pressure of time but promised.

The day after the last warning "Goldie" was making for the races at Hastings Park. Sergeant M—— supported by a couple of his men stood on the corner. With some sternness Goldie was halted and motioned to one side. "Now," thought he, "I get it completely in the neck."

Solemnly Sergeant M—— reached into his capacious pocket. Then thrusting a two dollar bill into his victim's hand said: "For God's sake go and get yourself another number plate."



THE Thrift CAR OF 1937



PONTIAC "224"

A BIG new Pontiac—at a price that speaks for itself! Yet, with low first cost, *Economy* is just getting under way. As the miles flow by, you'll find that Pontiac "224" offers *more miles per gallon* as well as *more car per dollar*, longer life and lower upkeep. It's the New Economy Six in the Low Price Field . . . the thrift car of the year!

From the splendid reception accorded the Pontiac "224", it is evident that motorists heartily approve what General Motors engineers have done—Increased Pontiac in size, luxury and comfort. . . . Boosted its power and lively getaway. . . . Made its beauty even more distinctive . . . *while prices have been brought down near the lowest!*

Here's brilliant styling and basic improvements duplicated by no other car in the low price field. Here's performance that touches the heights. Finger tip steering, feather touch braking and flashing acceleration make Pontiac a wonderfully responsive car—more flexible in traffic . . . more restful on the road. With its new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher, the car is a veritable fortress of safety.

See—ride—then you'll decide that Pontiac "224" offers you everything you want in your 1937 car . . . at the price you wish to pay. You will be interested to hear how easily ownership can be arranged through the convenient terms of the General Motors Instalment Plan that provides monthly payments to suit your purse.

FEATURES THAT EMPHASIZE THE VALUE

NEW All Steel All-Steel Turret Top Body by Fisher with Unitized construction . . . Fisher No Draft Ventilation . . . Safety Glass all around . . . Double Strength, 4-way Centrilown Frame.

NEW LONGER WHEELBASE—Increased to 117", contributing to roominess and comfort. Flat floors—no humps. Chair high seats. Adjustable, tilting 3 passenger front seat. 25% more luggage space.

NEW IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION GLIDING RIDE—with Anti Roll Stabilizer . . . Perfected Centre Point Steering . . . Hydraulic Brakes . . . Synchro-Mesh Transmission . . . Cowl Type Emergency Brake.

NEW VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX CYLINDER ENGINE—with lightweight Aluminum type pistons and Octane Selector.

NEW MORE BEAUTIFUL "SILVER STREAK" STYLING—that makes Pontiac the most distinctive car in its field.


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Distinctive
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